Naturally

FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY BEING NUDE

WINTER 2011

PHOTO – CHARLIE SIMONDS: See "Introducing Suze"

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Paya Bay, Roatan · Hidden Beach Resort, Mexico
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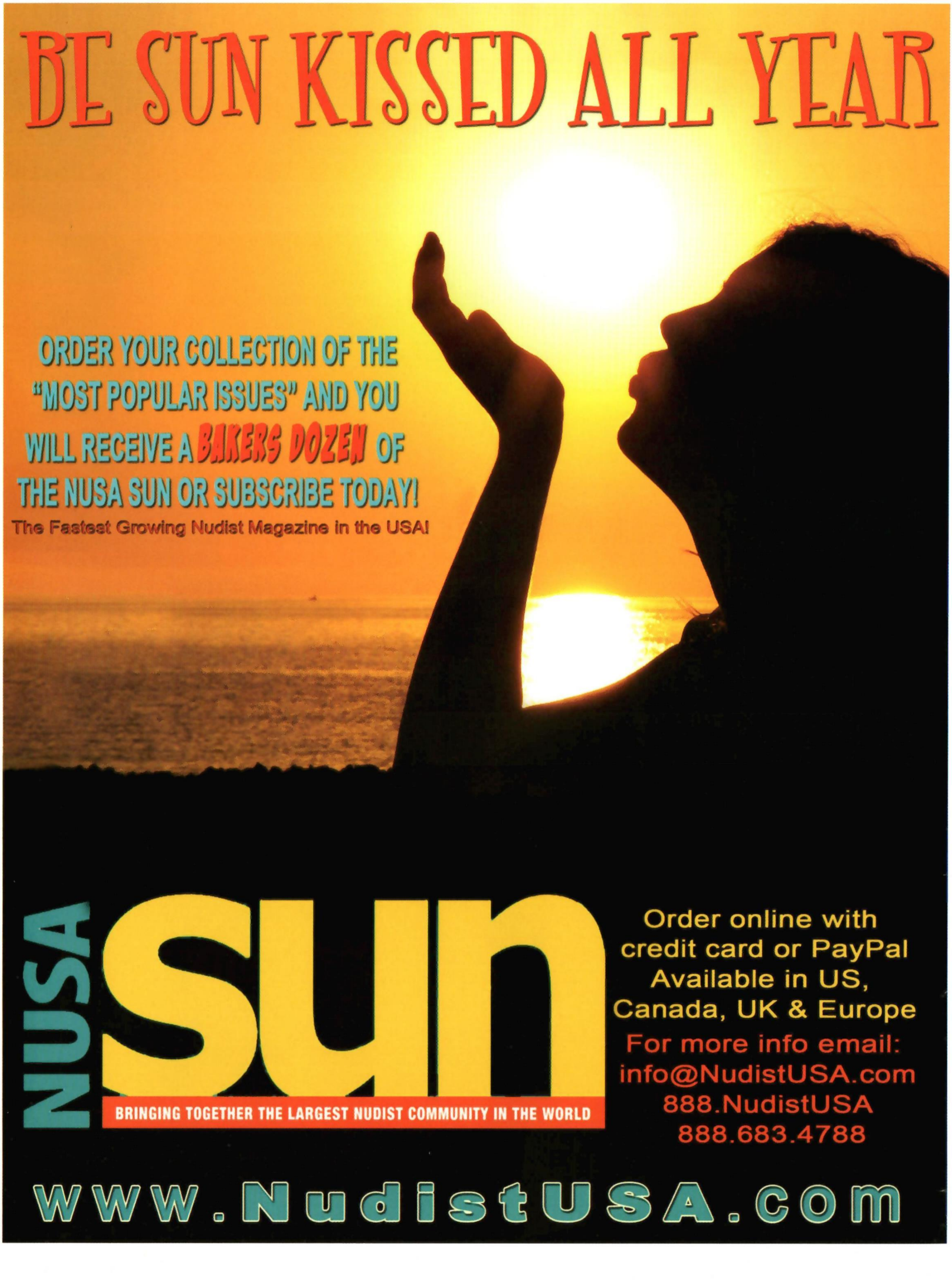

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PHOTOS – BERN LOIBL

WINTER 2011

Internaturally

NATURALLY magazine is an independent quarterly publication of nude living and recreation for all ages, published by Internaturally, LLC.

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GUEST EDITORIAL

The Nature of Naturists

By Sue McGarvie and Blaik Spratt
Clinical Relationship Therapists

Naturists on the whole are an interesting group to hang around with. We tend to be open minded, diverse, fun loving, and accepting of those around us. We know you can't generalize about an entire population of people who like to live without clothes, but that's been our experience.

Physically there is no one size fits all. There is a saying that if you stopped a bus at random and took the clothes off everyone onboard, then that is a reflection of an average group of naturists. Some are old, some young, and we come in all sizes and colors. We think disrobing in public is also a great way to help work through body image issues. It's always a Eureka moment when you realize that we all have the same parts and no one is really looking at yours anyway. But, what most people don't get is how much FUN it is to be a nudist.

We were talking to Sue's Mother (the Minister) about why we want to live naked. We waxed poetic about the great community we are part of. Like many people who know us, she was curious about our naturist lifestyle. We spend our weekends in the summer living naked off the grid at a family naturist campground in Ontario, Canada (see www.fcn.ca/sunward). We pack an extra large cooler of food because we know that there are going to be a couple of patio parties we can frequent throughout the weekend. Or there is the single malt scotch tasting with gourmet food between scotch courses that might be on the schedule. A weekend might also include a crème Brule making contest, potlucks, berry picking, or a call that the chocolate chip cookies are coming out of the oven. There is fishing, swimming, boating, volleyball or simply sunning on the beach that makes weekends as a nudist so enjoyable.

In the course of a summer we have theme dances — anything from the 70s (imagine a group of nudists in platform shoes and afros), a country hoedown in gingham scarves, boots and little else, to a 50s sock hop with greaser hair and a poodle vest. We've had poker tournaments, movie nights (where we've watched outside in drive-in style everything from Rocky Horror to Lucille Ball movies), and something called pieapalooza which the kids organize and is reminiscent of a Norman

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.

Peter Dietrich photo from the book "A World Without Clothes."

September 8, 2011

Crackdown on nudist butts in San Francisco

San Francisco (KPIX/KGO/CNN) - In San Francisco, officials say they aren't trying to stop nudism; they're trying to make it more sanitary.

Though some nudists probably wish the government would butt out.

Stripped to its essence, it's a battle over nudist butts, a crackdown.

[Reporter]: "You worry about sitting where a naked person sat?"

[Nudist]: "No, I'm wearing pants."

In San Francisco, nudism is legal, as long as you're not aroused. And few nudists roam the Castro District.

[Reporter]: "You're naked."

[Nudist]: "And you're wearing clothes."

Now San Francisco Supervisor Scott (we kid you not) Wiener has proposed legislation that would require nudists to cover any public seat before sitting down, and cover themselves when in restaurants.

You could call it "cover your butt" legislation.

Nudist George Davis says he already covers his butt.

"It's codifying what's already nudist etiquette," said Davis.

The first offense would cost you $100.

Source: KPIX/KGO/CNN

October 20, 2011

Restaurant nudity to be debated in San Francisco

Nudist foodies in San Francisco may soon find themselves forced to cover up.
Public nudity is legal in the Bay Area city, and no one is suggesting that residents will be barred from taking a stroll down the street or a picnic at the park in the buff. But restaurants may soon be off limits to the unattired, and San Francisco supervisors are also considering codifying a practice that nudists call "normal etiquette," by requiring those who bare it all in public to lay down a cover on public seating before they sit down.

The Board of Supervisors public safety committee will consider the ordinance, introduced by Supervisor Scott Wiener, at a hearing Thursday, the San Francisco Chronicle reported.

Wiener said last month that the ordinance is "about basic public health." Nudists will be able to voice their opinions at the supervisors' meeting, but they will be required to cover up in City Hall, the Chronicle reported.

The Daily Nudes

NUDES FROM MAINSTREAM MEDIA

Phoenix Feeley goes topless at Coney Island, which she can legally do — nydailynews.com

September 14, 2011

NJ Appeals Court upholds topless woman's arrest

Woman charged for sunbathing topless on Jersey Shore loses appeal

A Manhattan artist who once won a settlement for going topless in New York City must keep her top on at the Jersey shore.

A state appeals court Wednesday ruled against Phoenix Feeley's challenge to Spring Lake's public nudity ordinance.

Feeley was fined $750 for sunbathing topless on the beach and for dropping her top after her release in 2008.

The court dismissed her argument that the town's public nudity ordinance discriminated against women because men are permitted to appear topless. The court says "restrictions on the exposure of the female breast are supported by the important governmental interest in safeguarding the public's moral sensibilities."

Feeley received a $29,000 settlement in 2007 after she was charged briefly with indecent exposure in New York City in 2005.

Copyright Associated Press / NBC Philadelphia

Nov 12 2011

Occupy Toronto won a star yesterday: Gwen Jacob

Many of the occupants are too young to recognize her. They were babies when, one sticky summer afternoon 20 years ago, she peeled off her shirt and strolled through downtown Guelph topless. She was their age then — only 19, equally idealistic, fearless and starved for change.

"I used to be very politically active," she tells one sick man with cancer, after spreading out the blankets in his small tent. "I disappeared for the last 15 years, raising my kids. This movement has pulled me back off my couch again."

thestar.com

August 21, 2011

National Go Topless Day

by David Kaplan

The 4th National Go Topless Day went very well. I was worried about rain, but that came later. When I got there the march around the park area was in progress and when I got to them I took off my shirt and joined them as we all chanted "Free Your Mind, Free Your Breasts" and distributed the rest of the flyers I was sent by the coordinator of the event. This march was longer than the past three. Most of the people who were there came down from Montreal just for this purpose. There were a few guest speakers and a lot of statements were read explaining why women should have topless equality. I posed for pictures with some of the topless women, and the naked cowgirl who wore a top but was there to show her support. Another participant, who I feel stole the show was Andrea Sestanovich, a student at GWU from New Jersey (last year it was a girl named Rachael) who told a reporter from a New York paper that she doesn't understand people's hangups with women going topless, and she remarked enjoying the breeze while she was topless. Later, after I left while I was in Penn Station on the train waiting to take me home, she emailed me thanking me for the photos I took and she looked forward to seeing them. They announced that next year they plan to meet in Washington, DC, to send our leaders a message. For more info go to www.gotopless.org.

The Daily Nudes

September 26, 2011

Nude Blacks back in form

by Ellie Constantine

Larnach Castle was the venue for a clash between the Nude Blacks and the Romanian Vampires on Saturday, the third naked rugby game in Dunedin this year.

Organiser Ralph Davies said about 250 people turned out to watch, which was "pretty good" considering people had to travel farther.

About 10 local and international media filmed and photographed the game, with images expected to be broadcast worldwide.

Romanian team management also took time out before Saturday night's game against England to see a lighter side of rugby. Team police liaison officer Sergeant Hugh Tait, of Dunedin, said: "They thought it was great."

Nude Blacks captain David Bourke said the team was "keen to get the season back on a roll" after a loss to a Spanish women's team two weeks ago.

The Nude Blacks won six tries to four, he said.

Octago Daily Times

October 10, 2011

Women go topless to raise attention to breast cancer

by DeAnn Smith

Kansas City, MO (KCTV) — A good cause had area women flinging off their shirts and baring it all.

The women went topless in an effort to bring heightened attention to breast cancer. About 250 women participated in the rooftop shoot in downtown Kansas City on Sunday.

P.U.R.E. and the Young Survival Coalition of Kansas City sponsored the event. The hope is also to raise awareness about the positive impact of women supporting women.

"Initially, women were a little skittish knowing they were going to be naked in front of them," said Bo Flores, owner of Team P.U.R.E. "But they warmed up once they saw it was for a good cause and got very excited."

Flores said the participants were a wide range including an 85-year-old woman who had underwent a double mastectomy.

"Women have been very excited," he said. "We're excited."

Sales of the photos will benefit the Young Survival Coalition. Each model donated at least $20 to the cause. Prime Image also assisted with the shoot.

The event will move to other U.S. cities, including Detroit, Chicago, Houston, Phoenix and Los Angeles.

Hanging out reading topfree in Central Park NYC

October 12, 2011

Topfree Reading Pulp Fiction YNA

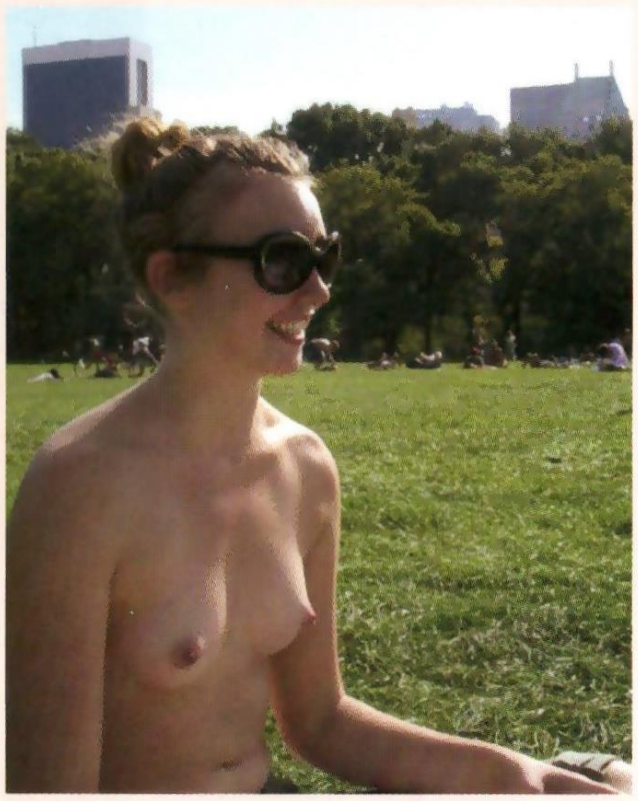
by Felicity — Young Naturist America

Yesterday I met up with the Outdoor Co-Ed Topless Pulp Fiction Appreciation Society!.. Or, the OCTPFAS! No, I'm kidding, but I think they need an acronym.

Anyway I met a few of the group at Central Park so we could sunbathe topfree in the grass and enjoy the unusually warm October day with baked goods and pulp fiction novels.

We settled in the middle of Sheep Meadow, and it was great hanging out with such friendly, like-minded people!

However, not long after we sat down, a police officer came over to ask us to put our tops back on. She told us there were complaints from people with their kids around; and our response was informing her that this was legal. (As an aside, I really hate how this is always the excuse, when we all know that in fact kids don't care, until they are taught that it's not okay. Parents/people/society teach children that breasts are inappropriate, shameful and unnatural to fully expose in any context but a sexual one. Do we say to dudes, "Cover up!" there are children around? Case in point.)



So, a little while after the first cop, two other officers came over to talk to us; and before you knew it, we had a little group of them next to us, all checkin' up on the couple of topless girls hanging out.

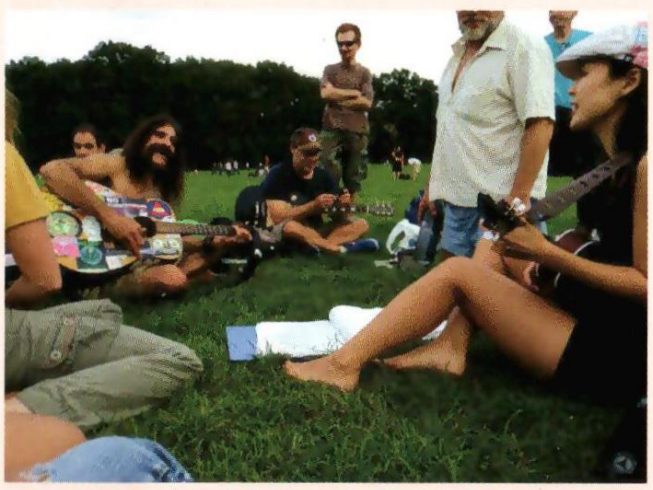
We informed them all it was legal and asked why we had to cover up. The officers huddled together for a few minutes talking to each other and on their radios calling headquarters to see if this truly was allowed.

So, the best part was that the officers came back over and apologized to us! The first officer tried to save face in saying that "the law is always changing." Yeah, it does that every 200 years or so.

Ladies, listen up. We know you're looking at us in the park, thinking to yourselves, "Dang, I wish I had the guts to do that…" You CAN! It's GREAT! And, don't let a bunch of police officers try to tell you otherwise.

My second run-in with police, while topfree, has again proven that some cops actually DON'T KNOW the law. Women shouldn't be afraid to do something so legal, natural, and long overdue for women's rights. Once in a while, a cop might need to be informed of the law, but this is the first time some cops ever said anything to the group, out of the eight other times they've met us! As Jordan, YNA coordinator, says, "The times are a-changin!" (He made me give him the credit for that one.)

Bonus: We got invited to a sing-along with this dude on a guitar and his group, and so ended the day with Heart and Beatles songs.



The Daily Nudes

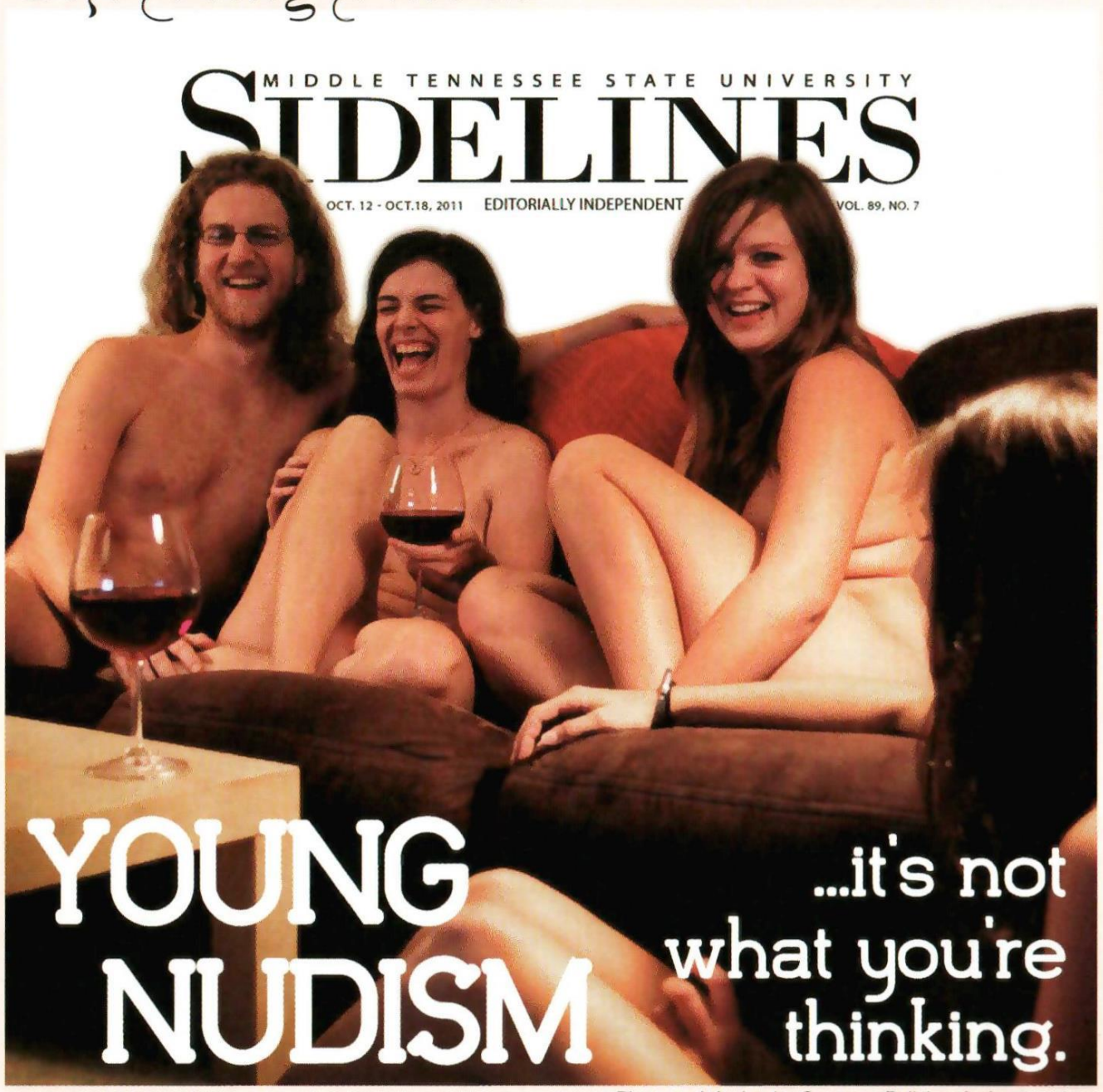


Photo and design by Courtney Polivka, design manager

October 12, 2011

Nudism embraced by younger generation

A recent in-depth article, published by Middle Tennessee State University, offered some thoughtful comments and quotes by young naturists, which *Naturally* is happy to share.

In addition to being therapeutic, everyone in the group agrees that nudism has given them a healthier perception of the human body and human sexuality, as well as confidence and a great way to relax and meet new people.

"Whenever you meet people naked, it's so straightforward," says Caz. "There's no odd dance, trying to figure each other out. You start from zero."

Chris agrees. "It's an automatic common factor. When you meet someone naked, you automatically have a kinship with them because, well, you're both kind of crazy, walking around naked," he laughs.

For Carol, nudism has played a large role in her personal body-acceptance. "Advertisements tell us that you are only beautiful if you fit very specific criteria," says Carol. "When you go to a nudist place, you see literally every shape and size."

Growing up in a very religious household, Carol says that nudism has helped her realize that her body isn't inherently dangerous.

"I was told growing up that your body is sexual, which led me to a lot of shame," she says. "But what I've learned just being naked is not provocative."

"Nudism has changed my perspective to see people as beautiful, no matter what. Being able to see that (in) other people has allowed me to see that in myself. I am beautiful just the way I am," she says confidently.

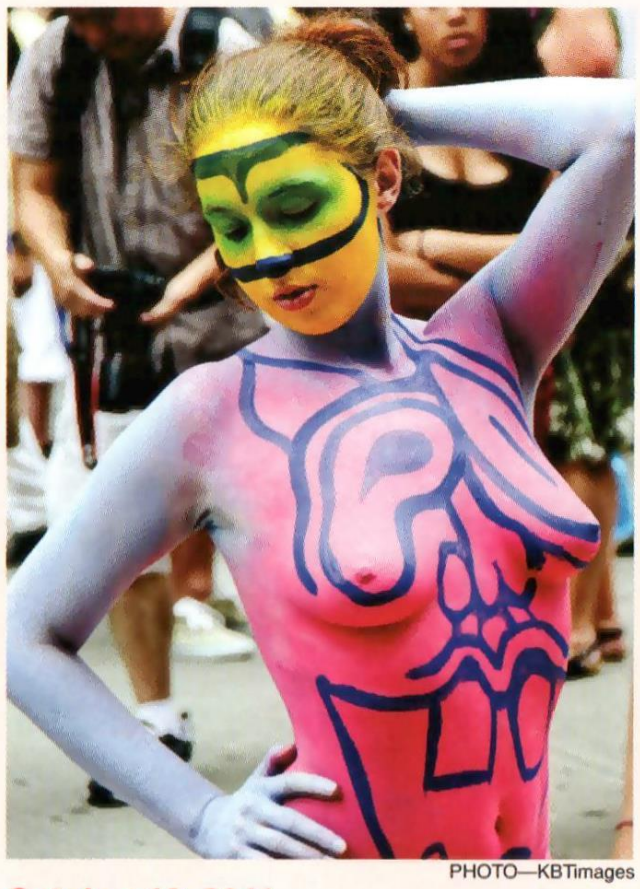
Carol knows that many people, especially women, may be worried about receiving unwelcome attention. She continues. "But what I've learned," says Carol, "is that the human body is not only sexual. But we hear this message that the human body is so dangerous that if anybody sees it, all these bad things are going to happen. And that's just not true. When you find out that you can be naked and nobody's going to lust after you, freak out or attack you—they're just going to talk to you like a human being, look you in the eye and have a heart-to-heart conversation with you—that's really freeing."

Chris firmly believes that the life-long benefits of nudism greatly outweigh the momentary uncomfortableness of being naked socially for the first time. "It really comes down to are you willing to trade 30 seconds of 'I can't believe I'm doing this,' for the rest of the time being like, 'This is awesome,'" he says with a smile.

Chris believes that young people interested in nudism should find an event that lasts an entire weekend, such as the events hosted by Florida Young Naturists, based out of West Palm Beach, Fla., which hosts three naked bashes a year for people between the ages of 18 and 30.

(Young Naturists America in the New York area also hosts parties and weekends at local clubs and resorts in the Northeast.)

The Daily Nudes



PHOTO—KBTimages

October 13, 2011

New York artist can paint nude models but only after dark

Reporting by Jonathan Allen; Editing by Ellen Wulfhorst and Jerry Norton

NEW YORK (Reuters)—An artist arrested for applying body paint to a nude model in New York's Times Square will have charges against him dropped if his models strip naked only after dark, according to a court agreement reached on Thursday.

Police arrested Andy Golub, 45, in July and charged him with breaking public exposure and lewdness laws. He has been painting nude models for about three years.

Golub's attorney, Ronald Kuby, argued that New York laws do not prohibit public nudity in the name of art, and a compromise was reached that was the basis of the court ruling.

Under the agreement, "he is permitted to paint bare breasts any time, anywhere, but the G-strings have to stay on until daylight goes out," Kuby said after a hearing in Manhattan criminal court.

State laws against public exposure exempt "any person entertaining or performing in a play, exhibition, show or entertainment," Kuby said.

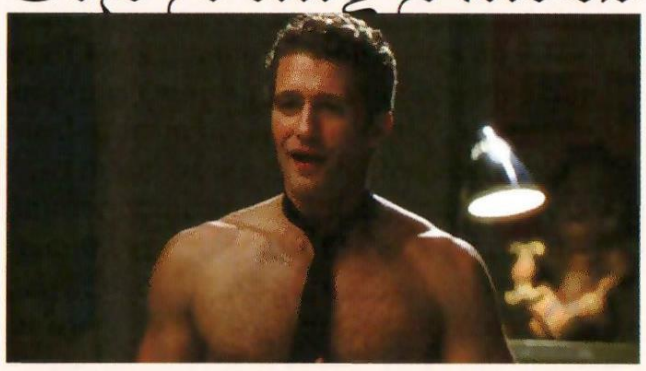
Municipalities are allowed to devise their own restrictions, but New York City generally does not do so, Kuby said.

Golub, of Nyack, New York, said he likes to paint nude models because bodies have energy and dynamism that he finds lacking in canvas.

"I feel that when I do live body painting it's a good thing, a positive thing," he said.

Charges against Golub will be dropped in six months if he abides by the terms of the agreement and is not rearrested. Charges against Karla Storie, a model from Texas arrested with him, will be dismissed if she too is not arrested again in the next six months.

Golub said he was planning to return to criminal court on Friday and paint a nude model in a park near the courthouse.



Matthew Morrison Shirtless in Glee Rocky Horror Episode!

September 25, 2011

Matthew Morrison likes being naked

Actor Matthew Morrison can get annoyed with fans waiting outside his house because he likes to walk around naked.

The 32-year-old actor is best known for the role of Will Schuester in "Glee," reports femalefirst. "I love walking around naked in my house. Who doesn't? But when I walk by the window I have to make sure there's no one outside," he said.

October 4, 2011

The New York Topless Book Club

The New York Topless Book Club seems to be a new movement that's catching on. Numerous photos of women reading topfree in various places around Manhattan were posted throughout the Internet.

It is legal for a woman to be topfree anywhere in New York State — a right earned for them by seven women (The Topfree Seven) who demonstrated for gender equality in Rochester, NY, arrested, and acquitted in 1992.

Ever since, New York women enjoy the same liberty as do men on a hot summer's day.

Naturally magazine archive

September 25, 2011

"Butt out," nude beachers told

by ERICA BULMAN, QMI Agency

VANCOUVER — Wreck Beach supporters warned Sunday a new anti-smoking bylaw across Metro Vancouver's 12 regional parks starting next year could "cause real trouble."

The Wreck Beach Preservation Society, which had threatened "total rebellion" if the nudist beach were included in the bylaw, are angered by the increasing number of bans, including dogs, fires and camping. Their biggest issue is with being "hustled from the beach" before sunset.

"On top of the sunset closures, to now hammer home an absolutely inane bylaw... it could cause real trouble, and pit person against person, beach people against authorities," Judy Williams of the Wreck Beach Preservation Society said. "I hope that isn't going to happen. Tempers are already pretty hot."

Williams said Wreck Beach supporters are already plotting action.

"We're getting to the point of doing something very public in the way of a protest," Williams told QMI Agency. "I'm keeping my cards very close to my chest, but we have some ideas up our sleeves."

The district's board members voted Friday in favor of the bylaw prohibiting smoking in regional parks, beaches, campsites and playgrounds, except in designated areas.

Williams suggested authorities designate the full 7.8-kilometer Wreck Beach trail as a smoking zone, supply more vertical ashtrays and get tougher on littering.

Smoking has been banned in Vancouver parks since September 2010.

torontosun.com

Was former Internaturally office manager Brian Ballone looking for a new career? He didn't say, but he did give notice shortly after this photo of him was taken at the 2007 Folsom Street Fair, where our naked friend may have discussed opportunities with a few San Francisco Police Department Recruiters.

September 25, 2011

Folsom Street Fair 2011

The official website www.folsomstreetfair.org reports:

Thanks to the more than 500 volunteers, associates, board members, sponsors and staff, the 2011 Folsom Street Fair was a huge success by every measure. We showcased a roster of world-renowned alternative rock acts alongside up-and-coming talent from far and wide. We presented "Venus' Playground," Folsom Women's Area for its second year. We hosted huge assortment of exhibitors. Our dance event, Magnitude, sold out again — all together in support of our 2011 beneficiaries.

In 2012 the world's largest leather event, the Folsom Street Fair®, will take place on September 30, from 11:00 AM to 6:00 PM. Remember, the Folsom Street Fair® is always scheduled for the last Sunday in September. We hope to see the fairgrounds filled with people in their most outrageous leather/rubber/fetish attire enjoying the world's largest and best loved leather fair.

Next year, as always, it will be located in San Francisco's South of Market district on Folsom Street between 7th and 12th Streets. Donations at the gates and proceeds from beverage purchases will benefit a new roster of non-profit charities from the San Francisco area and beyond.

The 28th Folsom Street Fair will offer 250+ exciting and sexy exhibitors and vendors, hot food and cold drinks, and tons of artistic and cultural entertainment. The event hosts two live stages with 16 live alternative acts, a huge dance area with internationally renowned DJs, a dedicated area for women ("Venus' Playground") and a newly inaugurated Artists' Area. Get your tickets for Magnitude, the weekend's hottest dance and play party, before it sells out.

Don't forget to book your hotel now! Check out our Travel Deals section for special rates on airfares and rooms at our host hotels.

Thanks for your interest in the Folsom Street Fair® and the Up Your Alley fair! The Folsom Street Fair® takes place during San Francisco's Leather Pride Week, eight days of leather at the end of September. This is a week's worth of intense activity, with the Folsom Street Fair® being the crowning finale to a festive time! Many bars, clubs and organizations have parties and events all during Leather Pride Week.

Selected events during Leather Pride Week and week before the Up Your Alley fair will be listed on the leather week page as information becomes available. Information on these parties and events is also published in most San Francisco gay publications.

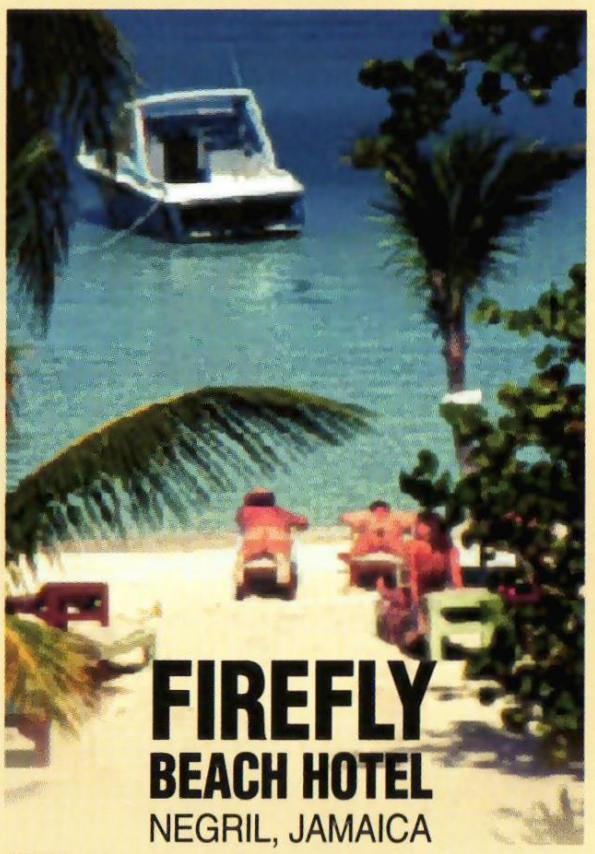
A little street theater entertained the crowds at this year's Folsom Street Fair.

The Daily Nudes

September 16, 2011

Hundreds get naked in Dead Sea for Spencer Tunick photo

Jewish-American artist, famous for his installations featuring large crowds of naked people, takes group shot at the Dead Sea. Look closely at the above image. Can you see the edgy formation of a barbed wire mesh fence? Clearly, Tunick's genius is evolving to new heights through his extraordinary medium of using nudes to brush his photographic canvases.



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October 30, 2011

Stop getting nude!

Museum told skinny-dipping exhibit can only have one naked bather at a time

by Laurie Whitwell

A museum housing a skinny-dipping exhibit, in which visitors strip naked and splash around together, has been told only one bather can use it at a time.

New York health officials have ruled that Carsten Höller's "Giant Psycho Tank," which opened at the New Museum yesterday, is too similar to a bathhouse to be allowed to continue in its current form.

The giant pool of swirling, super-salted water, which is warmed to body temperature, was intended to be the highlight of the artist's "Experience" show, with nude users floating effortlessly next to each other.

Floater: The New Museum has been told only one naked person can use its Giant Psycho Tank exhibit, pictured with an employee inside, at any time. But, without the correct permit, the Department of Health has said that the risk of infection means just one person can enter at any given point.

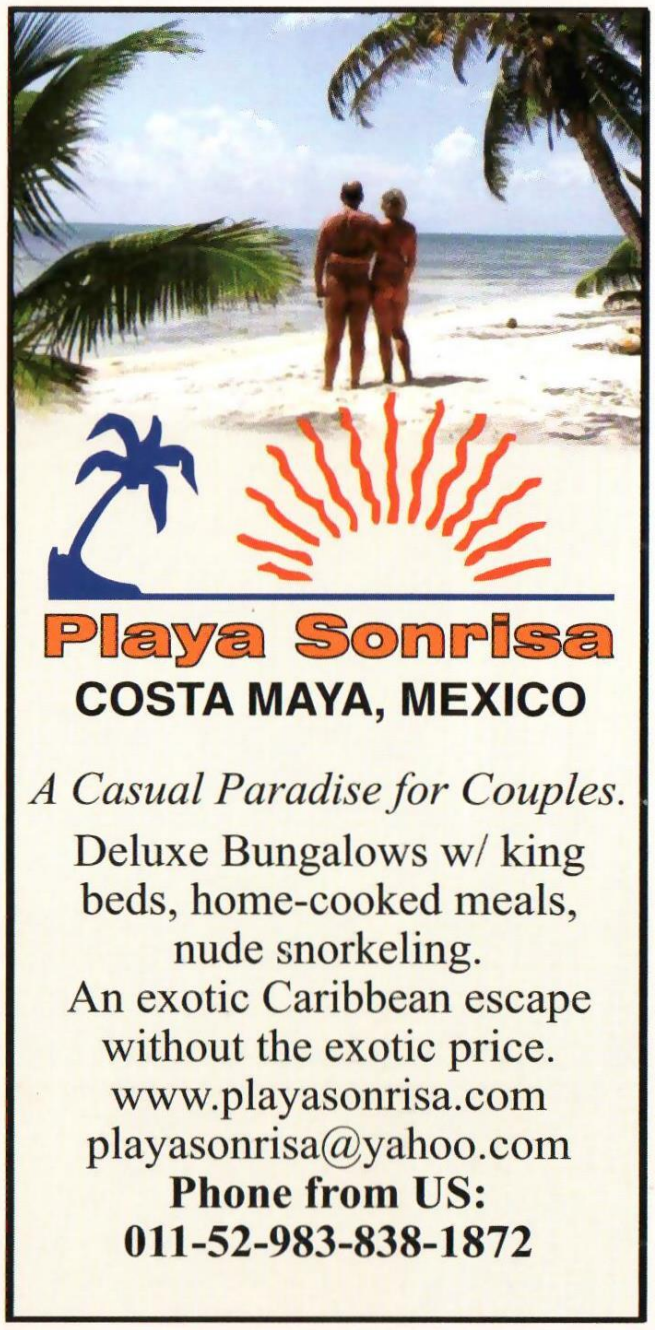
"The Health Department contacted administrators at the New Museum and advised them of the requirements in the Health Code and the conditions that would require approval and a permit," John Kelly, of the DOH, told the *New York Post.*

"The New Museum made the decision to limit the use of the tank to one person."

Those who were able to enjoy what the museum describes as "'a sensory deprivation pool, providing a strange out-of-body experience" before it altered its approach said they had wondered about the health risks.

"This is definitely not for a germophobe," Charles Ritter, 74, told the *New York Post* upon emerging from the waters, which are set churning by jets.

"I was thinking the whole time about how many city permits they had to get to do this."



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CROATIA, ISLE OF RAB; PHOTO–LEIF HEILBERG

September 2, 2011

Adriatic coast in Croatia: Oasis and cradle of naturism

Foreign media often describe Croatia as a "naturist paradise," it is therefore not surprising that CNN named Island of Rab top destination for nudists.

All those who believe that Croatia is a conservative country will be surprised at the fact that the Adriatic coast is one of the most tolerant naturist destinations in the world, and Rab island the cradle of naturist tourism.

Naturism in Croatia dates back in 1936, when the first naturist beach on the Island of Rab was opened — Paradise Beach.

Nude bathing season on Rab was opened by British King Edward VIII, who several months later became the first king who abdicated for the love of divorced American Wallis Simpson. It is the island of Rab that was on CNN's list of the ten top destinations for nudists.

CNN also highlights Lopar with three beaches — Sahara, Stolac and Ciganka — as good sites for nudists.

Given the long tradition of nudism tolerance, Croatia was often described as a "naturist paradise." It is interesting that it is third in the world, behind France and Germany. It is estimated that every fifth customer of Croatian coast wants to swim naked.

Most nudist camps are situated in Istria, as many as six. Among them is Koversada in Vrsar, the largest naturist resort in Europe, situated on 120 acres, with more than five thousand meters of the coast.

The peak of the season is the annual contest for Miss Nudism, which is organized every August on the sandy beach of the camp. The legends say that the famous adventurer Casanova was the first naturist on the Koversada islet.

Besides Koversada, known camps in Istria are Kanegra near Umag, Valalta at the entrance to the Lim channel, Solaris and Ulika near Porec and camp on the peninsula in Funtana. There are also several free beaches open in the vicinity of Rovinj, Porec and Medulin.

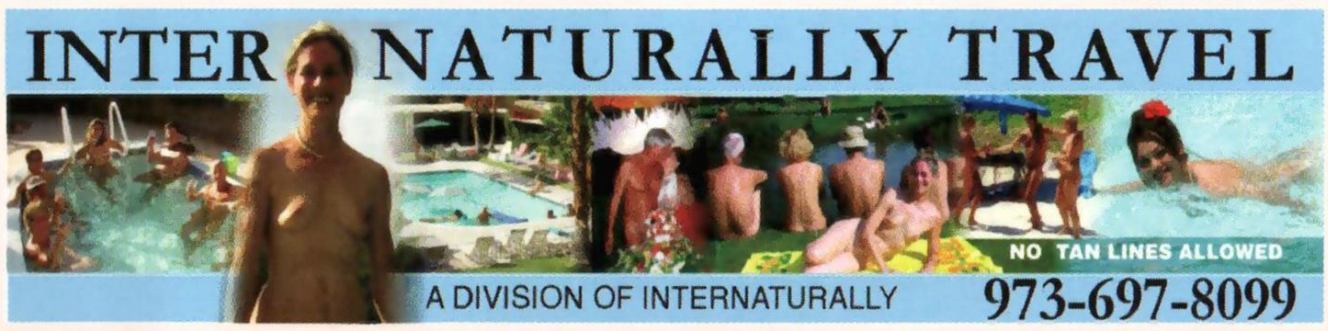
In middle Dalmatia, Island of Hvar is the most famous naturist destination. Beach on the island Zecevo is accessible by boat from Jelsa, while from the town of Hvar, almost the whole day, you can get to the beach Jerolim, Stipanska, Mlin or somewhat remote Palmizana.

Nearby Makarska are famous beaches Vrulja (between Pisak and Brela), and Dracevac between Tucepi and Podgora, but also part of the beach of St. Peter, on a peninsula within the city. The most beautiful and most famous is beach Nugal, which is located near the town of Makarska.

In Dubrovnik, area nudists enjoy the Elaphite Islands.

In any case, Adriatic coast is ideal for the first naturist experiences, and all day enjoyment in the freedom of spirit and body.

Guide2Croatia.net



As part of the protest, men with the group wore bras or bikini tops, instead of going topless :)

August 21, 2011

Women stage topless protest during air show

CHICAGO — What would the Chicago Air & Water Show be without a topless protest? Men go topless all the time. So why not women? That was the message of a protest Sunday at North Avenue Beach, as a group of women fought for the right to bare their breasts.

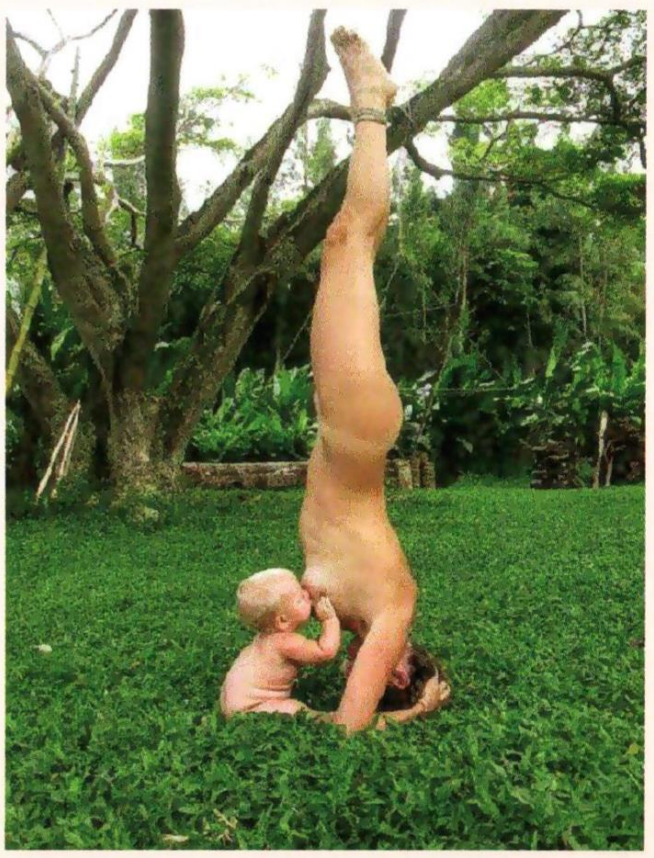
WBBM Newsradio's John Cody reports that at noon Sunday, in the middle of the Air and Water Show, a group of women took off their shirts and exposed their breasts for National Go Topless Day.

Several held signs reading "Equal topless rights for all or none. Women's breasts are family friendly."

Diane Brisebois, spokeswoman for the organizers of Sunday's protest, remarked, "If we are successful, women and men will have the same right to be topless on the beach."

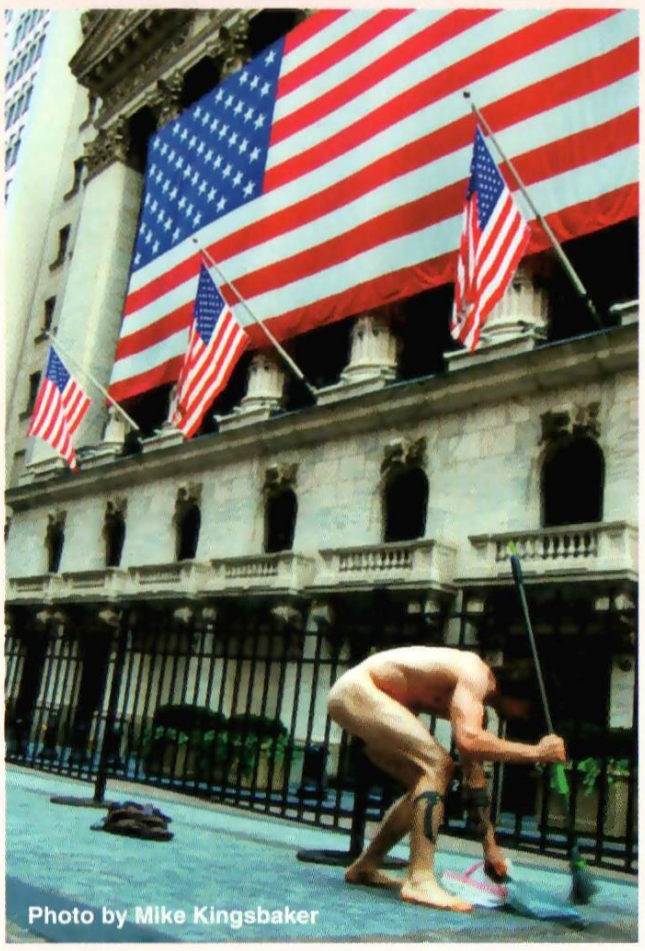
As part of the protest, men with the group wore bras or bikini tops, instead of going topless.

Source: (WBBM)



Courtesy, Jack Arnold [Young Naturists & Nudists America] Great yoga pose.

The Daily Nudes



November 7, 2011

Performers arrested in Ocularpation go to court

by Felicity's on Felicity's Blog

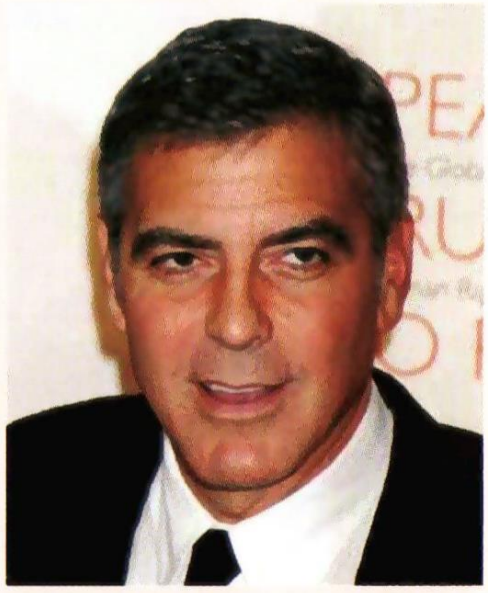
Today was the big day. The 3 of us who were arrested for being half-naked / naked in the art performance Ocularpation went to criminal court to address the ticket charges! I'd been charged with disorderly conduct, and my two male cell mates had received a 2-for-1 deal of disorderly conduct and indecent exposure.

The result? CASE DISMISSED.

Surprised? Our "crimes" were so absurd it seems like this is the kind of case to be immediately, decisively dismissed. However, I was mentally preparing to defend my "performance," and we all discussed and prepared for other outcomes, ie. a violation fine or an A.C.D. (which means stay out of trouble for 6 months, and you're off the hook.) The lawyer said she had a whole discourse ready about the nature and history of performance art, but we never got to hear it! Eric (the janitor) was the first one called up; but he stood up front for only a second before the judge said "Dismissed." It was so fast, we all looked over at him a little confused as he returned to the bench, as quick as he had left it. I went up and heard the same. It couldn't have gone better!

October 7, 2011

George Clooney talks about being nude with friends



You know it's a good day when George Clooney is talking about getting naked. *Heatworld* couldn't quite contain our excitement when George Clooney announced his most bizarre confession yet.

The handsome actor revealed that skinny dipping is a tradition at his Italian mansion. George Clooney in the buff? Now there's something we'd all like to see.

George says it is traditional

Speaking to Us Weekly, the Ides of March star said: "Skinny dipping is a tradition at my house! It's funny. Some people skinny dip, but I always go upstairs and put a suit on and then I jump in the lake."

We've never been this excited about a man in a wet t-shirt competition since Hugh Grant and Colin Firth had that fight in *Bridget Jones Diary*.

Celebrities go wild

The 50-year old star spoke out after his co-star Marisa Tomei blurted out on US TV show Conan that she got naked with Mr Clooney after a recent trip to his home in Lake Como. Well, who can blame her, the guy is hot!

The American beauty was with co-star Evan Rachel Wood when George dared them to beat Walter Cronkite's (a guy who was the anchorman on *CBS Evening News* for 19 years apparently) record of jumping in the lake, suited and booted in his tux on the second night at the Lake Como Mansion.

It seems George wasn't shy in asking his co-stars to get in the buff!

Maria told Conan's host Conan O'Brien that skinny dipping was always on the cards for George. He said: "Are you guys going to jump in the lake on the first night? Are you gonna top Cronkite?"

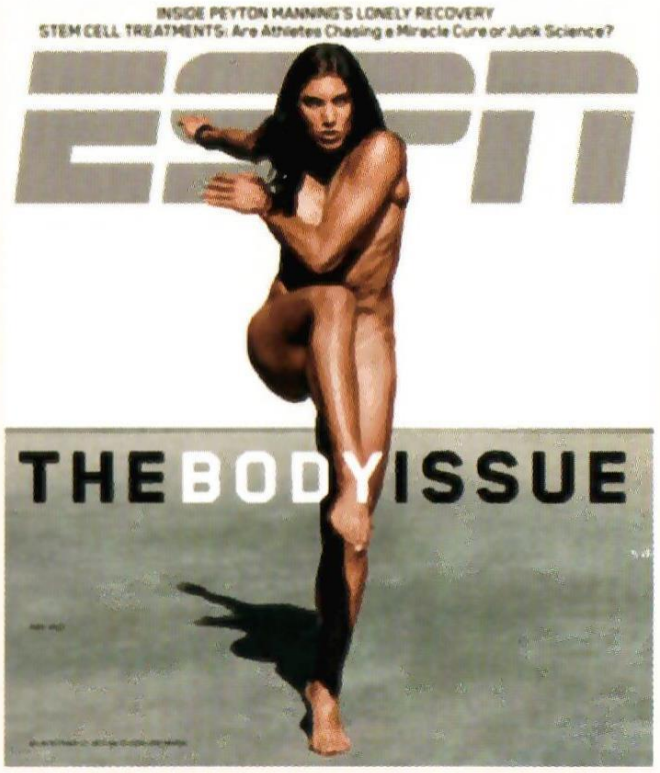
And she certainly topped the challenge alright! She lunged straight into the pool naked!

We bet famous ladies' man George was pleased about that.

heatworld.com/Celeb-News

September 9, 2011

Nude awakening: Athletes posing in ESPN's Body Issue


INSIDE PEYTON MANNING'S LONELY RECOVERY
STEM CELL TREATMENTS: Are Athletes Chasing a Miracle Cure or Junk Science?
ESPN
THE BODY ISSUE

By Michael McCarthy, USA TODAY

U.S. Olympic gymnast Alicia Sacramone, soccer goalie Hope Solo, NBA star Blake Griffin and MLB's Jose Reyes lead the list of 20-plus athletes posing nude in ESPN — The Magazine's 3rd annual "Body Issue" hitting newsstands Oct. 7.

Over 20 athletes will appear in the buff (with private parts strategically covered) in the "Bodies We Want" section of the 2011 issue, said editor-in-chief Chad Millman. The mag's third "exploration and celebration of the athletic form."

Other female athletes baring their bodies for photographers: the WNBA's Sylvia Fowles; LPGA rookie Belen Mozo; track and field star Natasha Hastings; hockey player Julie Chu; tennis player Vera Zvonareva; surfer Steph Gilmore; tattooed roller derby player Suzy Hotrod and bowler Kelly Kulick.

The other male athletes: speedskater Apolo Ohno; NHL player Ryan Kesler; UFC light heavyweight champion Jon Jones; IndyCar racer Helio Castroneves; snowboarder Louie Vito; boxer Sergio Martinez; marathoner Ryan Hall and paralympian Jeremy Campbell.

"This is an issue in the short time we've been doing it that's become pretty anticipated," says Millman. "In terms of the athletes we've attracted, we feel like the group is really strong."

usatoday.com

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GUEST EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.

Rockwell painting with faces covered in blueberry pie filling. Laugh-out-loud fun.

As therapists we are convinced that people need a few key things to be truly happy: great relationships, employment they can feel good about, a sense of security and a like-minded community that reflects back their values. For most adults, we know it is the connected group of friends that you can grow old with and with whom you can truly be yourself, that's hardest to find. If you have drifted apart from your childhood friends, don't belong to a sports group, or have moved, then you might be missing the group of key friendships where you can let your hair down. A family naturism group is the only place we know, beyond church picnics or family reunions, where everyone, from two years old to couples in their 80s participate equally on games day. Our kids have friends of all ages. The only drawback for them... with so many parents/grandparents around they are guaranteed to have an extra pair of eyes on them if they choose to be mischievous.

As sex and marriage therapists the big issues we see with couples is how they can keep their relationships connected. We've written about the benefits of date nights and holidays, but it is the big 2004 study out of Rutgers University that we seem to quote the most. The researchers discovered that it was adrenaline and strong emotion that created the greatest connections between people. Small adventures where you are out of your comfort zone create intimacy between couples. We think public nudity falls firmly in this area. The University of Miami Marriage study (2002) supports this belief that doing things like skydiving and ocean kayaking strengthen marriage bonds. It goes on to say, having people around who like and support you when things get tough are also essential. That's why priests and pastors often call the congregation to task to support a young couple during a marriage ceremony. This message takes us back to the need for community. We aren't saying that the couple that is naked together stays together, but frolicking naked in the sunshine surrounded by friends can't hurt. Other people might argue that groups like Rotary and Lions have the sense of community that demonstrates random acts of kindness. But those groups don't allow the sensuality of a warm breeze on your skin, or are inclusive of everyone from kids to elders while helping your body image to boot.

Besides the pleasure of rolling out of bed naked and never having to get dressed, belonging to a naturist community is being surrounded by people that really have your backs. It adds to the depth of relationships. You can count on the group appearing en masse to visit if someone has had surgery. We visited a nudist couple after the birth of their son in the hospital; she was completely comfortable nursing bare to the waist. She was so relaxed with her body that it caused even the nurses to pause. We had watched her blossom naked throughout her pregnancy, and because of it felt far more connected to the new baby than we would have been otherwise. Being unconcerned about the conventional decorum of clothing leads to small memorable intimacies and speeds up how fast you really get to know people.

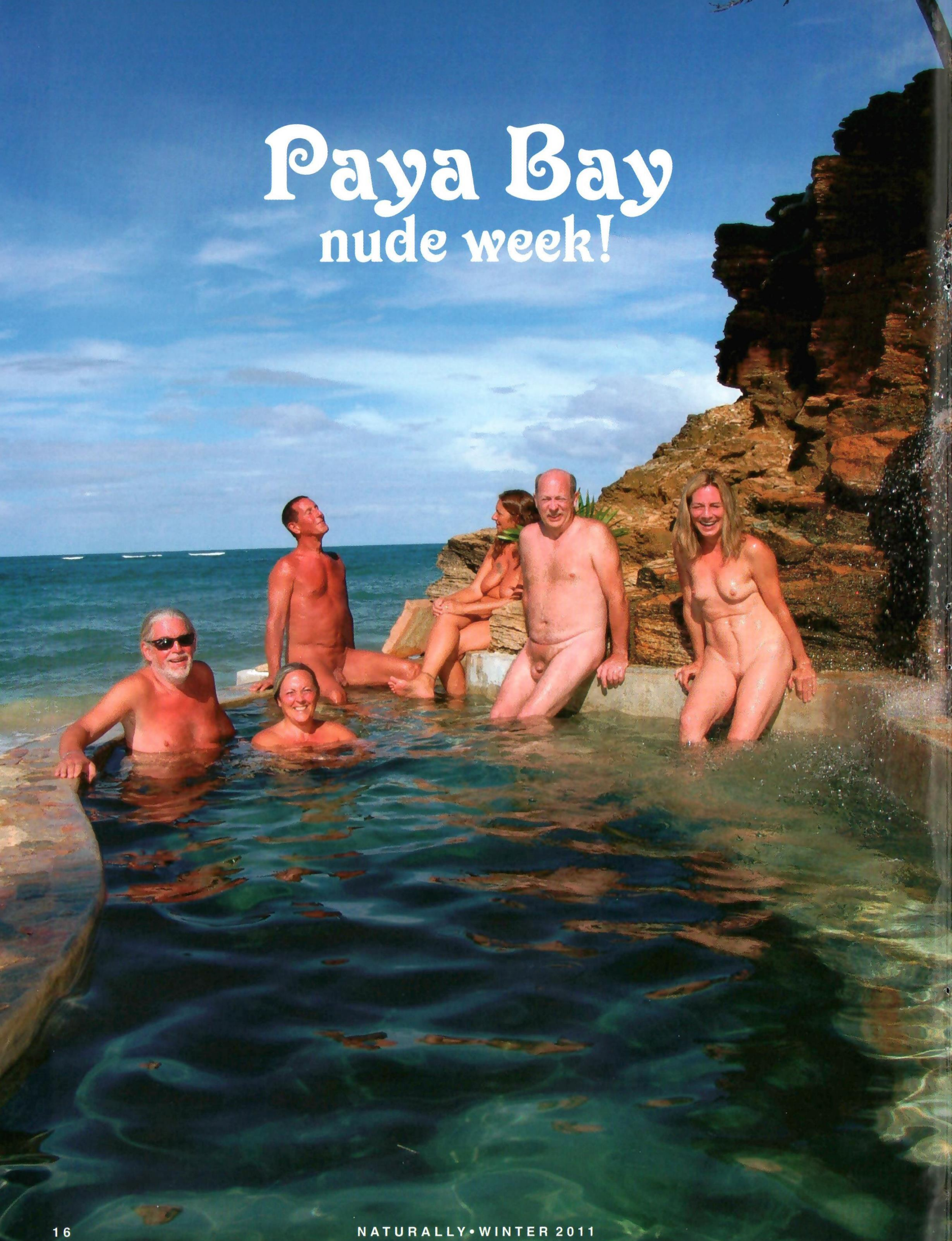
Maybe it's the feeling of safety where you have nothing to hide. As we hit the 10th anniversary of 9/11, old-fashioned gatherings that are safe and inclusive are even more precious. One of our fellow campers did an honesty test one year. He left a $20 bill in plain sight on a picnic table that went untouched for the month he left it there. We've never had a moment of concern about our children at the nude parks we've visited. In fact we've been far more cautious about strangers at the local park than among nudists. Or maybe it's simply that when you take your clothes off, the inhibited blockage that says "don't talk to me" seems to disappear. The removal of clothing seems to help remove the barriers between people. Most nudists have had the hot tub or nude beach experience where everyone talks to you.

Our winter naturist home is in Cypress Cove Nudist Park in Kissimmee, Florida, and it was the place that instantly had that feeling of coming home. On the day we moved in, two different visitors showed up with food and wine to help with the moving chaos. We make friends daily with new arrivals around the pool or hot tub. And we get teary eyed at the obituary notice by the mailboxes announcing the gentle demise of a 90 year old neighbor who had lived naked for the last 40 years and wants donations to be made to the AANR. Fellow residents held a party to celebrate his life of love, sunshine and happiness. In a world where life is a busy juggle of work, household chores, parenting, and various responsibilities to have others really SEE you is a real gift.

Our chiropractor (who is also a naturist) pointed out how few vacation days North Americans take compared to our European cousins. Stress levels for many people have reached the breaking point. Naturism provides the all natural antidote to this situation. And, if it brings couples together while de-stressing and allowing for an all over tan that, my friends, is a home run.

Cypress Cove promotional photo for its annual Streak the Cove run.

Paya Bay
nude week!



by Sherry Stafford-Loibl

Hurricane Rina hung low over Roatan Island, off the coast of Honduras, in every Internet picture I found. Hmmm... there was a resort full of people meeting me at Paya Bay, and I just had to believe that our vibrant and delightful group could sway nature in our desired direction. We think we won!

There were people from Utah, New Jersey, Connecticut, Florida, Kentucky, and Canada, all expecting to enjoy a week in the sun, during hurricane season. The short landing Saturday was sunny, and only a bit of overcast sky, as we all settled into our rooms, found the restaurant, and met staff members. Sunday was lazy, as we all mingled, discussing what days to book SCUBA, an island tour, horseback riding, and more. There were sunny hours for beach exploration, and showers to chase us in again.

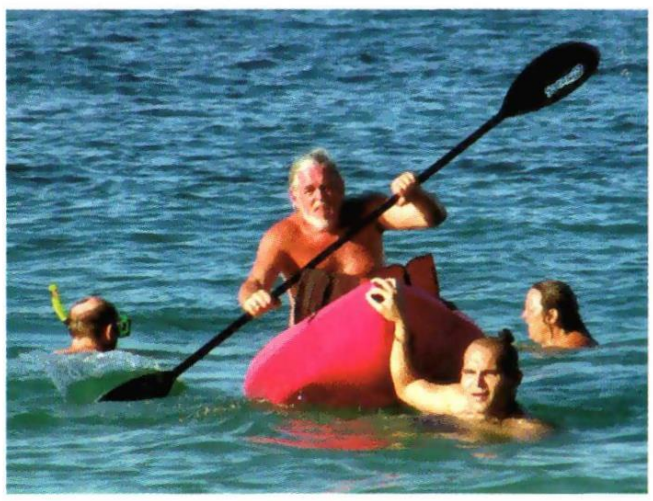
Monday, however, nature won as the torrential rain had us staying indoors, playing games and laughing about our evening body painting and costume party. Near time for our party, the rain let up, and we were able to use body paints for a few costumes...check out our "Blue Nose" friends! Of course, there was dancing, drinking, merry making, feasting, and all were happy with the fabulous ending to our drenched day.

Ah, but Tuesday's child is not always full of woe — from that point forward, our days and nights were gloriously weather perfect! One guest and I went for the horseback ride, and joked that we got "Slow and Stop" for horses, but the 2½ hours flew by as we walked the beach, neighborhoods, mountains, and were introduced by our guide to strange looking honey nests hanging from a tree branch. He fed us a local fruit that looked like a plum, with a very white center, and an interesting new flavor for us.

The one percentile "Blue Noses."

Several in the group decided to take the island tour, and were back to the West End (Paya Bay is on the East End) to be presented with necklaces, sunglasses, and assorted offerings from local children, as soon as they disembarked the van. I understand that the local rum was approved, and someone mentioned wanting to look for native artwork. The island roads are not all paved, many being little more than grass paths with a little gravel going up or down a hill, away from the main road.

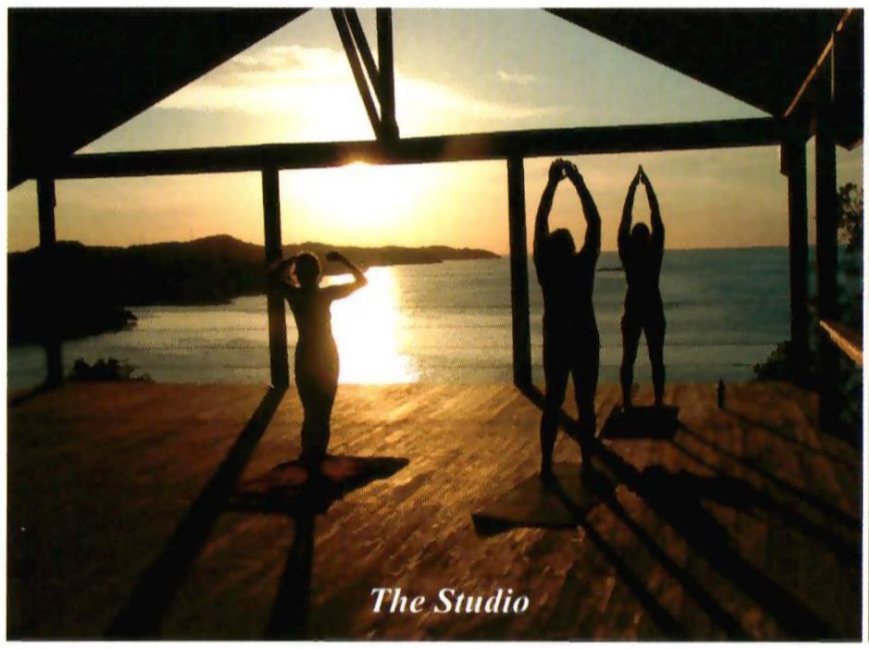
You can see the breakers on the reef, just a little way off shore from Paya Bay. Looking for a bit of exercise, one brave soul paddled his kayak out past the breakers, and was in the Caribbean Sea, while Jonathan decided to paddle his kayak towing four snorkelers, back to shore. Our water babies seemed happy!



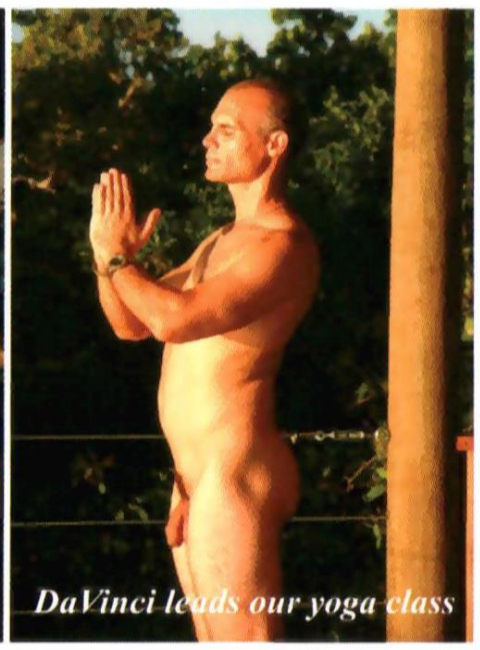
Nude SCUBA

Nude SCUBA was the order of the day, for six guests who spent time comparing notes and identified a fish they had never seen. Returning tired, yet full of zeal for evening meals, our SCUBA contingent offered the above shot of the fun they had.

So, to thank nature, stretch and center ourselves, there was yoga. But first, I've been remiss in not introducing you to our hosts.



The Studio



DaVinci leads our yoga class

DaVinci is one of two sons working the resort that his parents built on a point of land purchased with his father's wartime savings, while his mother ran a local grocery store and raised their children. When Paya Bay property was purchased, there was nothing on it. This family built a vacation paradise over a 15-year period, open to the public, in a beautiful and secluded location to enjoy the freedom to be nude, or not! They currently offer a nude week during every calendar month, and are thinking of offering more.

Back to DaVinci, and his boundless positive energy and an "It's all good!" attitude. You'll see the gorgeous view from the studio, used one evening for a wine and cheese mixer, and several afternoons for our yoga pleasure.

Tom is the other son working the family business, mixing drinks, and taking people around on their six-person boat. Several of us were delighted when he offered to take us to a local farm that offered jam tastings. Being off season, the manager was on another mission when we arrived, which gave us time to enjoy the tropical flowers, foliage, hummingbirds, and cool porch. The jams were delicious, and no one could resist purchasing Marble Hill Farms products by the bagfuls. A few days later we passed the gates of the farm by road, and smiled, remembering the shorter, and more fun, water taxi ride we had experienced, instead. Thanks, Tom!

Lurlene, mother to all, makes her own jams and hot sauces, offered for sale in small quantities. We all enjoyed her presence in the diningroom, answering questions about local activities, and giving us a glimpse at how people live on Roatan. Several guests had taken much needed energy-saving fluorescent bulbs for the resort — requested on Paya Bay's Web site — and the cost was deducted from their bar tabs. Others brought school supplies, like markers, pencils, pads, and the like, as donations for island schoolchildren. There is always a need, and Lurlene knows the local families from her days of running their grocery store. Her husband prefers to stay in the background, but waves a pleasant greeting when he sees you.

Michelle is Tommy's daughter, 21 by now, and starting to take over the bookings for the resort, allowing her grandmother a bit more rest and attention to other details. Here's a picture taken of the three of us, Michelle, Lurlene, and me. Then you'll be privileged to meet Tommy's younger daughter, Jasmine. Her flaming red hair and sparkling eyes bring a smile to every guest she encounters.

The staff are many and fabulous, all trying to ensure your stay is seamless and delightful. Chef Winnie was pulling double duty during our visit; her sister delivered a baby... and... Winnie did a fabulous job of concocting Rich's favorite birthday treat — Peanut Butter Pie! Don't forget to check out the decorative food (loved the shrimp palm tree!) she prepared for our Halloween buffet.

The days flew by, and evenings were busy, too! One guest accommodation included a small kitchen and card table. That became our second party/bar area, playing crazy word games that kept everyone thinking fast, and laughing hard.

Paya Bay hosted a native Indian show, of colorful costumed dancers, and built a bonfire on the beach. After the show some sort of craziness possessed the group, one by two, to run into the warm water, calling to those left on the beach to join. When it seemed all were in but two, those two turned and mooned us! Was there a full moon? No, but it would seem that all of the positive energy that is Paya Bay, and a group of truly delightful and positive nude travelers, claimed all but one torrential, bonding day. Give me a call, and I'll be so happy to book your stay with my new friends at Paya Bay!

Native Indian show (the dancers)

Michelle, me, and Lurlene

Watch out for falling coconuts!

Bonfire on the beach

Abject luxury, naked style

by Sue McGarvie and Blaik Spratt, clinical therapists and travel journalists

Sue McGarvie's beachside.

Hidden Beach Resort, Au Naturel Club is in a class by itself. It is now considered the premium destination for naturist vacations, even more so than the previous #1 nude destination of Club Orient in St. Martin.

Set along the Riviera Maya, about 75 minutes from the Cancun airport, Hidden Beach is a small 42-room, five-star, all-inclusive, upscale resort attached to the El Dorado Seaside Suites. The price per room ranged from $450 to $800 a night on their website, but there are deals to be had if you joined a nude travel group or sought out tour operators. Based on this price point Hidden Beach is the highest priced naturist resort we've found in the Caribbean. However, what they do, they do exceptionally well. The rooms are beautifully appointed (we stayed in a spectacular second floor dome room with a balcony) and fellow guests raved about comfort and convenience of the first level swim-up rooms.

Swim-up bar

As a rule, nudists are used to/forced to pay 50% more for sun destinations than textile guests. It's not fair, but that's the reality. Nudists hate wet, sandy bathing suits and are willing to pay the premium to go without them.

You can be naked from the moment you walk through the door of the property. You are provided with an excess of towels, robes if you want, and slippers to use. Despite the heat we thought the rubber-soled slippers were important. The shiny, Mexican tile everywhere in the resort was treacherous when wet. Even the staff mentioned that they had frequently slipped. For that, we would caution anyone who is ambulatory challenged to think twice about visiting.

Hidden Beach Resort prides itself on both the luxury of their resort and the grace of their service. The staff tries incredibly hard to meet your every need. The guests we spoke to were very

Exemplary service!

happy with the service. We were over served at breakfast and dinner, with the response "it's a pleasure" when you request anything of them. By day two, the wait staff is asking if you want your usual. The staff tries hard to please, and works hard to remember your name and serves with that smiling, understated Mexican charm. The animation staff was of particular note. Outgoing and enthusiastic without being pushy, they walked the line beautifully between encouraging participation while letting those who wanted to read a book on the beach relax in the sun. Water volleyball, guided snorkeling trips, 30-person twister may be just some of the activities that happen around the pool. Playing water volleyball where everyone is laughing so hard because of the outrageous cheating was great fun. Some of the evening events include a fire show, Caribbean and world-tour dancers, poker nights, karaoke, and live bands that keep the entertainment staff hopping 14 hours a day. The evening shows were held in the moon palapa by the beach. The moon palapa is huge, a spectacular setting for group dinners and dancing, which also had a hot tub that would hold 80. It was fabulous to be able to move from dancing to dinner to the hot tub while under the same roof. Our only complaint about the entertainment was that it started far too late in the evening. After a day of sun, volleyball and unlimited alcohol, most of the guests (50 plus in age) were in their rooms before the entertainment had even set up, and thus they played for only a handful of guests.

Travel articles tend to focus on the features of a specific location and property. This resort really is as luxurious as any we've stayed in throughout the Caribbean. But what makes it isn't the resort... It's the guests. Nudists are friendlier than most any other groups. Something about taking your clothes off that makes everyone friendlier and more apt to start conversations. Eliminating clothes gets rid of preconceived ideas about other people and opens up the lines of communication. We were invited to join a group of 10 for dinner within a few hours of our arrival. The staff immediately (and cheerfully) pulled tables together in this elegant dining room and everyone was included in the conversation. Hidden Beach Resort, even more than most resorts for people who enjoy being nude, has you making friends quickly.

For the most part the guests were couples over 40 (a majority over 50) who came from Europe, Canada, and all over the continental United States. A majority had been there before, as those who like it a lot. We met four couples who visited four to five times a year. They have a low-key membership package for repeaters wanting to buy extra weeks, or get their vacations discounted over a decade of visiting. Of the five couples who sat in on their presentation for the first time, three chose to become members and commit to Hidden Beach as their holiday destination for the next five years. We did mention that those who like it really, really like it. Most of these couples had frequented the now defunct Superclubs resorts in Jamaica like Grand Lido Negril, Braco or Hedonism III.

There are benefits to hanging naked. Things you can do naked that you can't do anywhere else. Our favorites included

Guests come from Europe, Canada, and all over the continental United States.

Blaik Spratt on the beach.

hand feeding the rays and reef fish bread from the breakfast buffet. With green and loggerhead sea turtles using the Hidden Beach waterfront as nesting grounds, most of the repeat guests had witnessed and/or aided the turtle hatchlings in their moonlight dash to the sea. The romance of sitting on a private beach swing-bed watching for baby turtles under the moonlight is worth mentioning. Compared to the Maroma beach (El Dorado Maroma, 30 minutes away from where the nude cruise sails, which is spectacular), Hidden Beach's oceanfront is rough, shallow and not great for swimming. You still have the turquoise Caribbean Sea water and swaying coconut palms, but it is the community, not the beach, that makes Hidden Beach special.

We would be remiss if we didn't write about the food. Hidden Beach Resort shares the property with the El Dorado Seaside Suites. The Seaside Suites is an all inclusive resort with five restaurants that you have access to if you feel like dressing for dinner. Having had outstanding dining experience at the El Dorado Royale, as part of the Karisma Hotel gourmet inclusive (GI) program, we had expected the same great food. This time we were disappointed. The breakfast and lunch menus at Hidden Beach had a sameness about them that was typical at all-inclusive resorts but wasn't up to the usual Karisma standards. The Seaside Suites were casual with our food allergies resulting in a bad reaction. The desserts were minimal and we had orders forgotten by room service on two occasions. On a positive note drinks weren't watered down, delicious and the bartending was outstanding.

As the repeaters keep coming back, and Hidden Beach Resort increasingly becomes the destination of choice for people who are looking for luxury naturist holidays. Being naked is better in Mexico.

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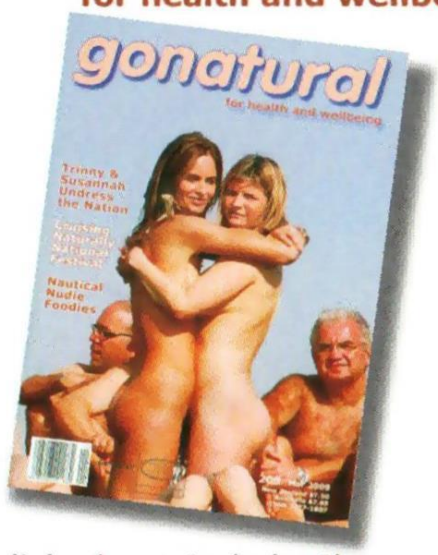

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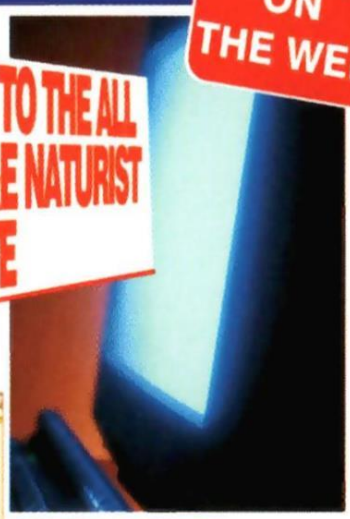

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In the Scud:

A round-up of naked expressions

by Theresa O'Shea

It all started with the Proto-Indo-European *nwogo*. From there we got all other nude-naked derivations: the High German *nackot*, the Welsh *noeth*, the Old English *nacod*, the Latin *nudus* and (by serious vowel transposition and leaps of imagination), the Greek *gymnos*.

Nacod and then naked served us well until 1531 when nude entered the English language, first as a legal term, and then with the idea of "mere, plain, simple." By 1611 nude was also being used in a euphemistic way to describe artistic nakedness. Bog-standard naked and nude, aside, the English language is positively brimming with synonyms and euphemisms to describe the unclothed human body. Here we take a look at / behind some of them: past, present — and ultra-present.

Altogether: The now rather twee expression "in the altogether" was coined by George du Maurier in *Trilby* (1894), a gothic-horror novel set in Paris in the 1850s, and was used to describe the modelling work done by his eponymous heroine Trilby O'Farrell. Not many people know that.

Au naturel: This French term goes back to the early 1800s and originally meant "uncooked."

Bare: In Olde English baer and nacod were used pretty much interchangeably, but gradually bare was applied more to things (bare cupboard, hillside, etc.) and naked to people. Of course, there's still lots of crossover; think of naked facts, bare feet, and even

bare naked, implying a double layer of denudedness.

Birthday suit: Wearing the same suit as on the day you were born i.e., nothing. The term originally referred to the fancy clothes one was supposed to wear to court on the King's birthday, and then somehow acquired its jokey, in-the-nude meaning. The first recorded use cited by the OED was in 1753 by picaresque novelist Tobias Smollet in *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom:* "He made an apology for receiving the count in his birth-day suit."

Bollock naked: Can't get much more naked than having your testicles tangling in full view — er, unless you stick the word "stark" in front, or unless you're a woman. Surprisingly, the term only dates back to the 1950s. Sounding vaguely less vulgar there's also the *Ozzie in the bollocky* and the fabulous *bollocky buff*, a naval term for nakedness.

Buff: From buff to in the buff goes like this: ***1) buff*** – the nickname for a southern European water buffalo; ***2) buff*** – the tanned hide of the animal; ***3) buff-coat*** – a short military jacket made from ox-hide; ***4) buff-coat*** – slang for a soldier; ***5) in buff*** – to be in the army; and finally, ***6) in the buff*** – a colloquial expression meaning "naked," by association of the colour of buff leather with the skin colour of Europeans exposed to the sun. Playwright Thomas Dekker is first recorded using the latter in 1602 in his catchily titled work *Satiro-mastix* or the untrussing of the humorous poet. "I go in stag, in buff," he wrote, likening "in buff" to "in stag," a common 17th Century term for naked.

Buck naked: One theory backed by the American Heritage Dictionary is that this American phrase started life as "butt naked" but was then cleaned up so it could be used in polite company. If you really want to impress / bore your dinner-party companions this kind of shift in pronunciation is known in linguistic circles as taboo deformation.

Full-frontal: In the late 60s and early 70s mainstream Hollywood movies were awash not only with bosoms and bottoms but with hitherto-taboo dangly bits and bushy bits. *Oh! Calcutta!,* the nude stage musical, premiered in 1969, and the first citation of the term "full frontal nudity on the stage" was in William John Burley's 1971 British novel, *Guilt Edged.* Sounds rather passé these days, unless you're talking about attacks, assaults and confrontations.

Mother-naked: Quite the nude term of the day back in the Middle Ages. From the Dutch *moeder naect* and the

PHOTO—THERESA O'SHEA of her HUSBAND GUENCO

German *mutternackt*.

Nuddy, in the: This aren't-naked-bodies-nude-and-funny expression is of Australian origin. Makes me think of Benny Hill and saucy seaside postcards and Kenneth Williams catching sight of Hattie Jacques in the shower, sucking his cheeks in and going, "Oh, matron!"

Naked: ...But not as you know it. At urbandictionary.com you'll find two new meanings for two little syllables: ***1) Exhausted***, tired (British slang, apparently), and ***2) Cool, hip or happening.*** Your new car is really naked, man. Sweet! — as our Transatlantic cousins also say.

Naked as a jaybird: Joyfully and unabashedly naked. Just like a heavily-feathered bird? Well, the American blue-jay, like all perching birds, is born with hardly any down at all. Add that to the fact that the male of the species is the noisiest and most flamboyant tweeter in the tree, and the term starts to make sense. Another possible etymology is from "jay," a 19th century term in American slang denoting a beggar or down-and-out, which is where "jay-walking" comes from.

Nekkid: Not simply being without clothing but — see urbandictionary.com — "gettin' nekkid for mischievous purposes. Naked is natural; *nekkid* is naughty."

NIFOC: Can't you guess? Naked in Front of Computer.

Nuded-up Nuthin' on: From the verb "to nude up." Way too hip for me, but wouldn't nuded-down make more sense?

Raw, in the: Painful expression, evoking images of exposed flesh whipped red raw by the elements. Dated to 1823.

Scud, in the/scuddy: Don't you just love the Scottish slang for naked? There's also scuddy running, defined by urbandictionary.com thus: "The urban sport of running to the bathroom naked, either in the middle of the night or just before you go for a shower, and trying not to get caught."

Skinny-dipping: A time-immemorial activity that only acquired a snappy phrase to describe it around the 1950s (when it was first recorded). Originally, skinny meant "resembling skin" (1573). During the 2nd World War the skinny was used with the sense of "the truth" – presumably from the notion of "the naked truth."

Skyclad: A neo-pagan or Wiccan term suggesting happy nature-worshipping folk, dancing in grassy circles under sunshiny skies. It's a nice idea, though, clad only by the sky. Sunclad sounds neat, too, though perhaps cloud-clad might be more apt for UK dwellers.

Stark-naked: Nothing to do with "bare" or "barren" as this meaning of the word stark only goes back to 1833. Stark-naked is way older, and in fact derives from the Middle English expression *stert naked*. In Old English stert meant "tail," so if you were stert naked you were completely naked with your tail—that is, your butt—exposed. The pronunciation shift occurred as the noun stert fell into disuse and people started replacing it—because it was easier to say?—with stark. In his fascinating book *The Lover's Tongue,* Mark Steven Morton says that embellishing plain old naked with stark or bare or buck conveys an emotional response to nakedness like "moral outrage or salacious glee."

Starkers: Quintessential bit of bare British slang coined around 1920.

Without a stitch on: Not-wearing-even-the-skimpiest-bit-of-garment. Dates back to the 1820s.

Our author, Theresa O'Shea... Now what expression would best "unsuit" her? We wonder.

Obsolete expressions

Belly-naked: Along with stark naked, a common 16th century term for nudeness.

Lim-nacod: Old English for limb-naked.

Naked as a robin: This 19th century simile is American in origin and refers not to the robin as we know it, but to the red-breasted American thrush.

Naked as my nail: Current in the 16th century. Quite logical in the sense that the nail is one of the only hairless places on the body.

Naked as a needle: This seems to be the original "naked" simile, attested as early as 1377.

Unbehelod: Doesn't exactly trip off the tongue, does it? But 1000 years ago this archaic-sounding word meant "without covering." It appeared in an Old English translation of the Book of Genesis, describing how Noah went on a bit of a bender and fell asleep unbehelod in his tent. Derived from the Old English behelian, meaning "to conceal." Let us go once more unbehelod to the beach.

Unscrydd: Gritty bit of Anglo-Saxon meaning "unclothed." From the verb scrydan,"'to clothe."

Other languages

À poil: This French stark-naked equivalent means, literally, "to be down to your body hair."

Hakada-apron: Japlish term referring to a nude woman with a tiny "apron" or piece of material covering her pubic area. In Japan such teasing shots are something of a fetish and there is also hakada-tie (naked except for a tie), hakada-socks, hakada-shoes and so on.

Kaalgat: Afrikaans for "bare-assed" from the Dutch kaal "bald, naked" + gat "hole, anus, butt."

Nu comme un ver: The French for "naked as a worm."

Pelotas, en: Similar but a lot less vulgar than our own bullock-naked. Meaning, literally, "in balls." And, yes, you can be "in balls" even if you're a woman. Also *en bola.*

Spiernaakt: Dutch for "muscle-naked."

Tenuta adamitica: Italian and other Romance languages don't do birthday suits; they do "Adam's suits," i.e., dressed like Adam before the Fall. In Spanish, *traje de Adán* and in French *en tenue d'Adam /d'Eve.*

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FIGLEAF VILLAS

by Charlie Simonds

It was Mel and Fiona who we met last autumn in Portugal who sparked off the idea of our approaching Cliff and Quee, the owners of Figleaf Villas in the Peloponnese district of mainland Greece, to see if they would be interested in our producing a film about their very special naturist facility.

Their amazingly detailed web site – www.figleafvillas.co.uk – is full of essential and interesting information which immediately enthused us further. Additionally, whilst we have produced films about naturism on a number of Greek islands — two on Crete, two on Kefalonia, and one on Corfu — we had yet to film on mainland Greece. Cliff and Quee's response to our initial approach was very positive so it didn't take too much communication to finalise our plans. Flying to Athens followed by a three-and-a-half-hour drive to Fig Leaf Villas didn't seem much of an option when their web site gave us a link to Thomas Cook who flies on Sundays direct to Kalamata, which is only forty-minutes drive away from our naked destination. Stalwarts Joss and Sam have appeared in fifteen of our films so their selection as Team members was automatic and Lucy, having served her apprenticeship in Portugal last year, earned her slot this time around. The flight from Gatwick took just over three hours and, having picked up our hire car, it was an easy drive onwards following Cliff and Quee's simple directions. On arrival our hosts couldn't have given us a warmer welcome and we were soon ensconced in the spacious Villa Elya — the larger of the two villas, which accommodated the four of us comfortably. Soon after we had arrived, Alan & Margaret, a delightful naturist couple from Hemel Hempstead, drove in to take up a fortnight's residence in the second smaller Villa Seeka. Both villas are comprehensively equipped, and both boast gorgeous sea views. That evening Cliff and Quee hosted a splendid al fresco naked supper party where we all quickly got to know each other; it was a perfect end to our arrival day.

Cliff serves refreshments at the pool-side bar.

The following day was spent enjoying the relaxing environment of Figleaf Villas aided and abetted by great hospitality from our hosts. We had a tasty traditional Greek lunch prepared by Quee in the pool bar's shade and later Cliff explained on camera to Joss how they produce oil from their own olives; all guests receive a bottle of Figleaf Villas olive oil on arrival, and they have an opportunity of buying some more to take home with them at the end of their holiday.

The next day we discovered the little picturesque town of Petalidi and the first of the four lovely naturist beaches we visited during our stay — in this case the long sandy beach of Velikas located only twenty minutes

Quee joins us at Velikas Naturist Beach

on the battlements of the ancient castle in Koroni.

drive away from our villa. That afternoon we drove along the coast to the lovely old town of Koroni, which is dominated by an ancient majestic castle where we managed a hasty naturist photo-shoot on the battlements. We resolved to come back later during our stay to enjoy an evening meal with Cliff and Quee at one of the many sea front restaurants.

Ancient Messini, which dates back to three or four centuries BC, is about a 45-minutes drive away and well worth a visit during your holiday. Sadly, it was closed for maintenance when we went, but the views from the tavern, which overlook the massive sight, were impressive enough. In the afternoon we drove for five minutes to the nearest naturist beach to Figleaf Villas, which Cliff and Quee have named Smugglers Cove for obvious reasons; it is difficult to find the narrow path leading across the field to the top of the cliff and the scramble down needs careful negotiation. The two-hundred-meter-wide beach, itself, is idyllic with some photogenic rocks at one end; my Nikon worked overtime. It should be pointed out that there are no official naturist beaches in the Peloponnese, but there is friendly tolerance towards naturism on all of those that are remote or away from the madding crowd.

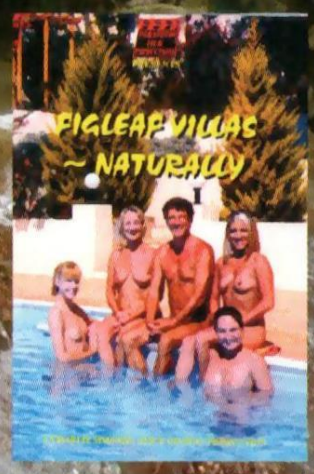
There's something special about visiting cascading waterfalls as a naturist and, because we arrived early in the morning, we were lucky enough to be able to enjoy the beauty of those at Polylimnea as nature intended – it was a memorable visit. That afternoon we took in the third naturist beach of our trip at Hrisi Amos — it was a curving sandy strand with calm, shallow water where we all enjoyed a swim. On Friday we took to the water on Cliff and Quee's fabulous Gib'Sea 43-ft. yacht, *Rendezvous.* Sailing is an optional extra available to all who enjoy a Figleaf Villas holiday and we can't recommend it enough. Our cruise took us from the marina at Kalamata around the picturesque bay of Messini to drop anchor en-

Aboard the Rendezvous

route for a swim and a naked al fresco lunch on board before our return. Our hosts really go the extra mile to ensure that all days spent afloat are enjoyed to the full and, as experienced sailors, they are happy to enthusiastically pass on sailing skills if you're keen to learn. The morning of our last full day was spent exploring the impressive ruin of Methoni Castle which is an absolute "must-see" if you're visiting this part of the Peloponnese. A huge amount of restoration has already been carried out but, in spite of this, there is still much challenging work to be done. The final beach we visited during our stay was near the lovely town of Finikounda and it is well known to be popular among naturists — we were just one group amongst many who were there enjoying this lovely "approved" naturist beach. That evening we enjoyed a splendid barbecue back at Figleaf Villas, generously hosted by Cliff and Quee, both for us and for our temporary neighbours, Alan & Margaret. The mandatory midnight skinny dip afterwards wrapped up the last evening of our magic stay. The following morning saw us reluctantly packing our kit and becoming textiles again before sadly saying farewells to our new-found friends. Our stay at Figleaf Villas simply could not have been more memorable or enjoyable, and all the spontaneous jottings in the visitors' book exemplify why this is par for the course — special thanks from Joss, Sam, Lucy and me to Cliff and Quee for all their enthusiastic support, which enabled us to shoot what will prove to be, I'm sure, one of our most memorable films yet — please don't miss it!

Smugglers Cove

There's something special about visiting cascading waterfalls as a naturist.



Figleaf Villas ~ Naturally available through Internaturally VPD48 DVD $49.95 ($6 p&h)

A Tale of Chivalry

Sir Jake and the Scottish Games

By Ken Schwartz

In Europe long ago there was a time
When chivalry was in its gloried prime.
'Twas in that bygone age a young man might,
With skill and fortitude, become a knight
And, honor-bound, embark upon a quest
To search out wrongs and see they be redressed.
We've heretofore related tales of Jake,
A novice knight who had seen fit to take
A solo journey on his mighty steed,
Steadfastly on whatever path might lead
To situations grasping his attention
As candidates for helpful intervention.
We've seen Sir Jake, with resolute persistence,
Unhesitantly offer his assistance
To numerous bewildered maids and men,
A few of whom might welcome Jake again.
And, notably, we've seen Sir Jake conclude
That nudists have a wholesome attitude
And, thus convinced, espouse the habitude
Of rendering his service in the nude.
Now, having learned nudes fancy a diversion,
Jake thought he should ride north on an excursion
To look into what Scotsmen do for sport.
That undertaking merits a report.

* * *

One foggy morn, Jake rode into a clearing
In dense wood, drawn by voices he'd been hearing.
He stopped beside a great pot where three crones
Were stirring rank stew using femur bones.
"Who conjured the bare man?" inquired one hag.
The other two said, "Neither man nor nag
Could have arisen from this morning's brew."
The first then groused, "This caller must be true,"
And chanted, "Fair is foul and foul is fair.
Bare man, do tell why you invade our lair."
"I beg your pardon," Jake addressed the three,
"Perhaps you would be able to tell me
Where I might go to learn what nude folk do
To entertain themselves. What's in that stew?"
A crone with four teeth sharply eyed Sir Jake.
"Do not concern yourself with what we make,"
Said she. "Ride to the second castle west.

The nudists there will do what they like best."
As Sir Jake thanked the crones and bowed his head,
One hag turned to her sister hags and said,
"I fancy by the pricking of my thumbs
That something very wicked his way comes.
MacDeth and his fair wife will entertain
Themselves and leave that horseman but a stain."

* * *

A drawbridge creaked and lowered into place,
A broad portcullis rose before Jake's face,
And shortly Jake was greeted by a pair
Of nudists named MacDeth who said they'd share
Their castle if Sir Jake would stay and rest.
They said they relished quartering a guest.
And then, displaying gracious deference,
They gave a tour of their stone residence.
They showed Jake bastions, turrets, and their keep
And well-appointed rooms where he might sleep.
But when they led Jake to a tower door,
He stepped out to thin air, not to a floor.
He fell a hundred feet into the moat
And sank as like a chain mail bottomed boat.
The Lady, smiling, said, "I'll free the steed.
A little water clears us of this deed."

* * *

Jake, being strong and fit as any knight
Survived his plunge as if a water sprite.
However, the moat's walls were smooth and steep,
Impossible for him to climb or leap.
Just then, though, Jake observed a frog pass by
And thought he would give mimicry a try.
He kicked and pulled as if he were a frog,
And, before long, he saw a mossy log
That hung into the moat from a dead tree.
Jake climbed the log adroitly and stood free.
He then sought out his new friends in a hurry
Lest Lord MacDeth and his fair wife should worry.
Before he found them, though, a thought occurred –
Perhaps the country's nudists hadn't heard
That mimicking a frog as he had done
Was good refreshing exercise and fun.

* * *

Jake's reappearance stupefied his hosts.
The two reacted as if seeing ghosts.
MacDeth explained they'd feared Sir Jake had died.
He said, "That mishap left us terrified,"
Then whispered to his wife, "Make a good show.
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."
The day passed with no sign of treachery.
The two MacDeths regaled their invitee
With tales and meals of mutton, wine, and bread
Until, at last, the hour came for bed.
Jake took a bed of wooden slats and soon
Was sleeping soundly as a spent dragoon.
Some hours later, deep inside the night,
A noise roused Jake, and streaks of candlelight
Revealed a naked woman moving near.
She walked as if arisen from a bier.
It was the fair MacDeth, and, as she walked,
She swung a heavy club and oddly talked.
"Go left, go right," she said, "be gone, you blotch!"

And loosed a mighty swing at Sir Jake's crotch.
Just then a notion came into Jake's head.
He sat up as the club crashed through his bed.
He could devise a game with players walking
With clubs and smacking balls and oddly talking.
Jake pushed the Lady out into the hall,
Then found a piece of coal and made a scrawl
On his left arm. Recalling what she'd said,
He wrote "go left" and then went back to bed.

* * *

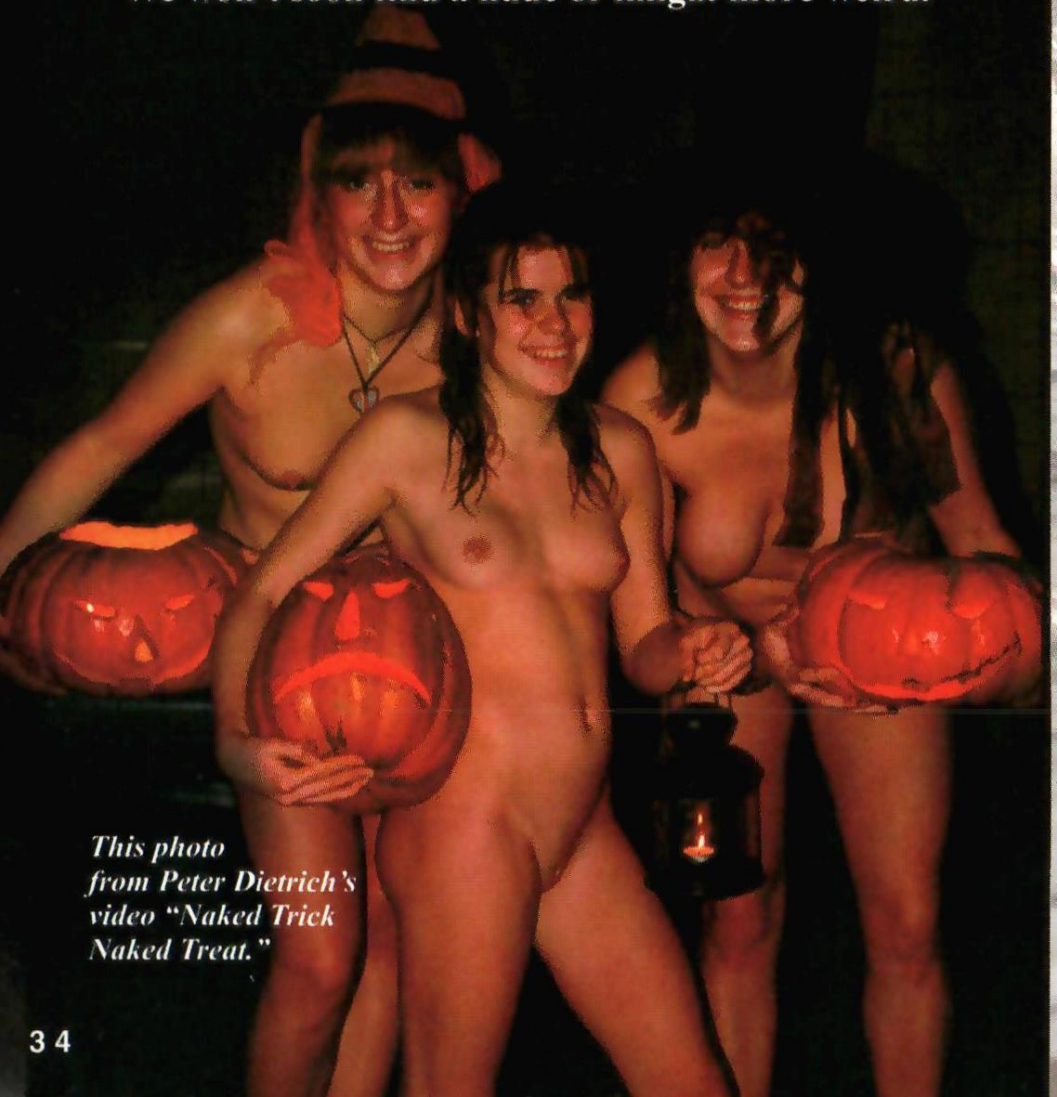
When morning came, Sir Jake arose renewed
And eager to join the MacDeths for food.
He'd nearly reached the place for breaking bread
When he felt something skim across his head.
A monstrous ringing echoed through the hall
As Jake turned to discover, on a wall,
An iron horseshoe swinging on a sconce.
"That's one fine throw," was Sir Jake's sole response.
"Oh, pardon me," MacDeth apologized,
"The candle's out. I hadn't realized
That anyone was walking by this way.
I blame the shadows. They can spoil your day.
But come now, quit the shadows and partake
Of breakfast. We are having eggs and steak."
Just then, a novel thought occurred to Jake –
The nudists could pitch horseshoes at a stake
And score points if they could make the stake ring.
A pitching game could prove enlivening.

* * *

Jake turned his thoughts to food and ate his fill
While, oddly, his fair hostess fell quite ill
And muttered words about switching a plate.
MacDeth, then, telling Jake he need not wait,
Suggested that the knight go on his way –
The Lady would get well apace that day.
So, after having voiced much gratitude,
Sir Jake left to resume exploring nude.
But Jake had just begun to guide his horse
Past the portcullis when, with awesome force,
A wayward boulder fallen from on high
Crashed through a tun mere inches from his thigh.
Sir Jake stared at the shattered tun impressed.
The ball had settled as if in a nest,
Directly in the center of a hoop.
Jake wondered whether nudes might form a group
And try to toss a ball into a tun.
This game could yield invigorating fun.

* * *

By following the voices he was hearing,
Jake found the three crones chanting in their clearing.
They sang, "When morn is eve and eve is morn,
There rides one like no man of woman born."
Despite their words, the hags showed great surprise
When nude Sir Jake appeared before their eyes.
"Did you not find MacDeth and his fair wife?"
One asked. "Some say the pair will change a life."
"Why, yes," said Jake. "Your kind advice proved true.
They taught me games and housed and fed me, too."
The crone with four teeth asked, "Was there no harm?
And why have you scrawled 'golf' on your left arm?"
The three crones sat observing Jake and hissing
As he discovered there were letters missing.
Jake then replied, "I suffered no vexation,
And 'golf' is walking nudist recreation."
Sir Jake then thanked the crones and bowed his head,
And one turned to her sister hags and said,
I warrant by the brown hairs of his beard,
We won't soon find a nude or knight more weird."



This photo from Peter Dietrich's video "Naked Trick Naked Treat."

Greek Coin Nude Boy Taras on Dolphin

Old Silver Coins

by Bill Rozday

Bright morning minted their outlined forms on silver
knee-deep in breaking swells,
free of swimsuits,
trusting in their hearts
within sunlit space and open miles.

On the obverse, dated 1983,
behind outlined pines
and Assateague's night surf noise,
two strangers walked together
in the soft air, talking.

Then they minted a pale coin no longer silver,
neither ancient nor universal,
claimed the sand as Chincoteague sand,
brought swimsuit shops upon the island
and upon swimsuits and laws the outlined forms
worshiped.

On the obverse, dated 1984,
behind a wooden beach notice,
on sands of closed emptiness
two strangers walked as strangers again,
uniform and still.

About Assateague Island National Seashore

The Assateague Island National Seashore is located on a barrier island off the states of Virginia and Maryland. The island has miles of beaches, with the northern beach popular among nudists (naturists) who enjoy being part of nature as we were intended to be. Assateague clothing optional beach is not an officially recognized nude beach. At one time, Assateague used to have a popular nude beach in the Virginia section of Assateague near Chincoteague. A forceful local religious group effectively ended all nudist activity in the Virginia section with Accomack county passing an anti-nudity ordinance in June of 1984.

Directions to Assateague Island National Seashore

Take RT. 50 east, as if you are going to Ocean City. As you get near the bridge going into Ocean City, Maryland route 611 will be on your right. Turn right onto 611 and follow the signs to Assateague State Park. After going over the bridge, go straight to the state toll booth. An alternate way is to take Rt. 50E to 113S, then Rt. 376E, then Rt. 611S. The turn off of Rt.113 is marked with an Assateague Park sign. The alternate way is quicker and bypasses much of Rt. 50 traffic, especially if the Rt. 50 drawbridge is up.

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Tour the city with beautiful girls completely naked in public modeling for an art market, skating, in parks, shops, etc.
(Two DVDs sold as a set
2 hrs 25 mins, $60.00, BM1&2)

BM2 **Barcelona Magic 2**

Visit a great artist, bars, the waterfront, body painted with a soccer uniform, public squares and streets.
(Two DVDs sold as a set
2 hrs 25 mins, $60.00, BM1&2)

BM3 **Barcelona Magic 3**

NEW!

Naked girls enjoy the beautiful streets, parks, and monuments of Barcelona, and have a wild party at a nightclub.
(Two DVDs sold as a set
2 hrs 21 mins, $60.00, BM3&4)

BM4 **Barcelona Magic 4**

NEW!

Naked bike riding, posing for photographers, visiting a classic bar, and two nightclub parties.
(Two DVDs sold as a set
2 hrs 21 mins, $60.00, BM3&4)

S7 **Specials 7**

NEW!

Raw unedited footage of games and activities at a classic French resort. Some footage used in Sensual Health.
(59 mins, $40.00, S7)

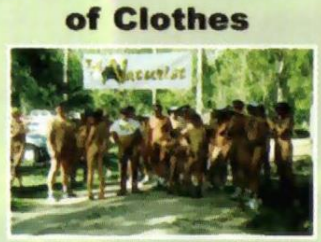
PND **Party Night and Day**

Nude beach carnival by day and three girls enjoying a wild party by night.
(64 mins, $50.00, PND)

FW **Freedom Weekends**

Two nude beach carnivals, with lots of fun for kids of all ages, and a visit to a great nudist club in Perth.
(65 mins, $50, FW)

ROC **Running Out of Clothes**



Nude fun runs, Easter games, swim frolics, a stagecoach ride, massage, and sports at a spacious Queensland resort.
(57 mins, $50.00, ROC)

GB **The Grand Barn**

Fine Canada resort, with body painting, photo sessions, games, trampoline, acrobatics, and dancing around the bonfire.
(74 mins, $50.00, GB)

RI **River Island Nature Retreat**

Great Australian resort, with a fun run, pool fun, 4WD mountain excursion, body sculpture, and a huge party.
(56 mins, $30.00, RI)

NS **Naked Sydney**

Two girls find secluded places to go naked all around Sydney: beaches, trails, rivers, and roads.
(50 mins, $30.00, NS)

LS **Living Sculpture**

Naked at a sculpture park near Barcelona, party with relay races, exercises, soccer, Twister game, and dancing, and naked fun in a nightclub.
(1 hour 52 mins, $40.00, LS)

JIA **Jana in Australia**

Nude sailboating in Sydney harbour, beach exercises, chocolate body painting in public, and a great nude party.
(87 mins, $40.00, JIA)

CIS **Castles In Spain**

Two deluxe resorts in the countryside of Spain visited by Shannon and Boris, plus a palace where Suzana, Shannon, and Sarita go naked in public and dance tango.
(50 mins, $40.00, CIS)

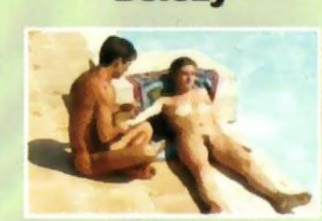
F1 **La Sabliere**

Beautiful natural resort with river fun, games, walks to a spring, caves, and a medieval castle, and youngsters underwater ballet.
(58 mins, $50.00, F1)

F2 **Laborde**

Four star resort with lots of activities, teen-age diving, pool disco, sports, and Bastille Day Carnival.
(56 mins, $50.00, F2)

F3 **Belezy**



Large resort with archery, aquagym, volleyball, table tennis, deluxe facilities.
(52 mins, $30.00, F3)

F4 **Return to La Sabliere Part 1**

Great variety of activities in a wonderful resort.

(54 mins, $50.00, F4)

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There's a nude sheriff in town

by Sheriff Bill Gunderson

Howdy, pardners. The name's Gunderson. Sheriff Bill Gunderson. You might remember me from the unattirin' at Black Gulch or the full moon at high noon. That's right, one and the same. Well, I got a message for you all: If'n you're a wrongdoer what dons a single stitch, you best mosey along. You heard me right: There's a nude sheriff in town, and he's gonna stay put.

Taking off my clothes and enforcing the law has been my business for some 20 years now. I learned shootin' and crook-catchin' at the side of my pappy, Bare-Bottomed Jake, the nudest shot in the West. Leastaways, he was, until some varmints ambushed him for his bounty money just as he was leaving the outhouse. As he lay with his bottom to the sand, before he passed into the great ranch in the sky, he asked me in his dyin' breath to carry on both his noble work and his naturist lifestyle. Ever since that fateful night, I've been a lawman of one sort or another, and I've kept the homespun off my backside. No sir, you'll never see no buckskin on this foreskin.

Now, don't turn tail and skedaddle when y'all see me comin'. I'm here to make sure things run more orderly-like, and I encourage you all to go on about your business as usual. True, I do things a little different from your last chap-slappin' sheriff, but I said it before and I'll say it many times

1973 Photos: Leif Heilberg at Forest Murmurs in the state of Washington.

again: There may be a Code Of The West that we all live by, but last I checked, there wasn't no Dress Code Of The West.

If y'all got nothin' to hide, well sir, I got no beef with you 'tall. Yep, I do pack quite a hogleg there. Hopefully, I won't have to use it, but if push comes to shove, I'm a straight shooter.

As I've been settling in, I've taken to standing on the clock-tower balcony atop the jailhouse, observin' as I do the happenings in town. Know what I see in the eyes of the townsfolk with the guts to meet my gaze? Fear and envy. Well, I pledge that I'll clean up this town right direct. Unlike that last sheriff, you won't see my behind glued to a saloon stool, a-starin' off at nothing. Naw, this naked hombre is real an' in the flesh, an' you'll find him in a saloon only when he's roustin' out the drunks and cardsharps.

I take my job as a lawman real serious-like. I already made the rounds, checkin' out the general store, shootin' the breeze with ol' Gus, the shopkeep. Why, y'all should've seen his eyes when I offered him cash fer that li'l vial o' anti-chafin' liniment. Other sheriffs may have taken advantage of store credit, but this one believes in paying his way. Once I took my leave o' Gus, I just stood in the town square, hands on my hips, lettin' the Santa Ana winds cool my nethers.

If'n you're thinkin' to buy me off, well, think again. I ain't a crooked lawman. I got few needs, and even fewer places to put bribe money, so best put that notion out yer head. There's a mess o' corruption in this town, and I aim to expose it, an' myself.

Back yonder in Rattlesnake Junction, a clever li'l feller no higher'n a hitchin' post pointed out that I ain't a hunnert percent nude, an' dang me if he weren't right. This here 10-gallon hat is pert near the only thing I'll wear. Got it back in San Antone. Keeps the sun off my eyes, and I can use it to cover up when I'm in the presence of the minister's wife. Oh, an' my holster too, but that don't count none. That's more of an accessory. 'Course, when I'm a-courtin' Miss Modesty, that's when I put on my Sunday kerchief.

If y'all need me, y'all know where I can be found. If'n I'm not down at the jailhouse, I'll be wherever there's injustice, or in a nice warm spot of sun, with my legs up on a stump, an' my hat over my eyes. That's how I relax, y'see. It soothes the mind and warms the testes, and when you're fightin' wrongdoers naked, that's the best tonic for an occupied mind.

Originally published on November 2, 2005
—theonion.com

Introducing Suze ~ Naturally

by Charlie Simonds

There are still aspects of naturism that continue to remain as special and as fresh as ever. For example, I don't suppose I'll ever get over that rush of sensuous freedom that I experience every time I shed my clothes to feel the warmth of the sun on my nakedness at the start of a day of naturism – especially after a long, sticky textile walk to get to a beach. It also means a great deal to me to realise that I've influenced a good number of people of both sexes into experiencing naturism for the first time and that our fabulous lifestyle has become a permanent feature of their lives — and it just happened again!

I've had the very genuine pleasure of knowing Suze since she was fourteen when, with her Mum and her two sisters, she joined our Carol Band, which raises money every Christmas for the local air ambulance. Not only does she play the flute beautifully, she's also an enchanting young lady graced with a delightful personality and sense of humour. It was therefore almost inevitable that she enjoyed a well-deserved year's reign as Pewsey's Carnival Queen, when she was crowned in 2005.

After leaving school, she qualified as a beautician, who has, for the last four years, successfully run her own beauty salon. Then, a change in personal circumstances, about six months ago, persuaded her to sell her share of the business and spend a couple months travelling around Europe.

Suze has always known of my involvement in naturism, so I don't suppose it came as a surprise to her when I suggested that she might like to work with us, if she found herself at a loose end when she returned.

By the third week in February, the snowdrops were in bloom, and this coincided with Suze arriving back from her whistlestop tour of Europe. Less than a week later, on a cold and miserable day, there she was, as nature intended, surrounded by snowdrops looking just so naturally beautiful — talk about stoicism! Not only that, we also created some wacky images in the same location using wellies [slang for rubber boots] and a colourful brolly [umbrella], with her effervescent smile, making them look even more colourful still.

By the end of March her enthusiasm for her instantly discovered love of naturism had prompted us to get together on four more occasions. The first was on an unexpectedly warm day in

Suze and her mum.

my garden, where we created a whole variety of images — both clothed and unadorned — all substantially influenced by Suze's vivid imagination.

A few days later, we caught some more sunshine at the naturist club of Rivendell where, joined by her Mum, Kay, she posed amongst the daffodils, before another shoot back on Salisbury Plain close to where we both live.

During the latter the hay bales were obvious props, whilst Suze very perceptibly suggested that a couple of the other images would look more subtle if reproduced in black and white – I reckon she's right.

For the fourth shoot we met up with Lucy for a visit to Wild Pear naturist beach in North Devon. It was a fabulously warm day, we had this lovely beach all to ourselves and the girls were in sparkling form — more stunning images were the result.

A couple days later, Suze e-mailed me the following words: "I felt overwhelmed by the freedom, purity and innocence of the entire day and liken it to being a small child again with not a care or worry in the world! Suddenly, all the politics and pretences of modern adult life fade away and there's little else to think about except just being oneself."

How perceptive is that? This remarkable young lady possesses a natural grace and beauty, and she is blessed with a wonderful generosity of spirit. I feel privileged to count her as a special friend and I'm thrilled that I've introduced her to the magical world of naturism.

Catch "Suze's Naked Summer..." the enchanting film in which Suze discovers Rivendell, Abbey House Gardens, Butterfly World, numerous naturist beaches, and the beautiful French naturist resort of Arnaoutchot.

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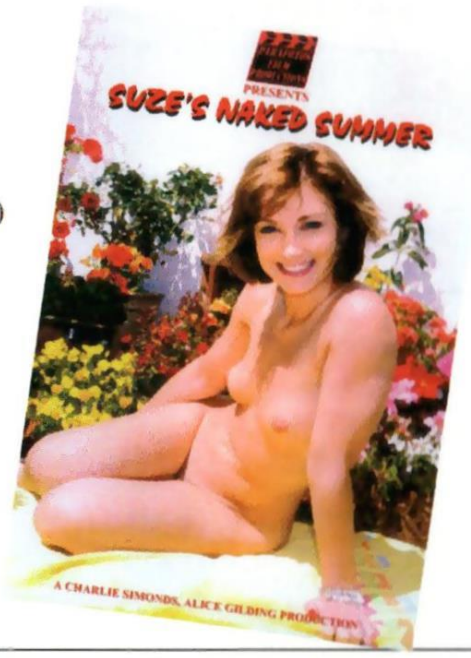
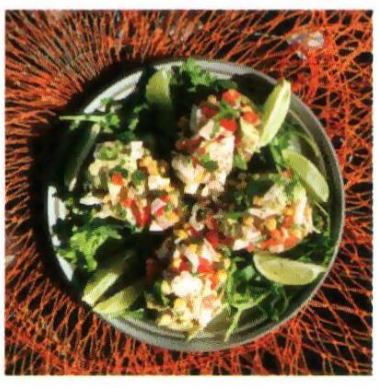


NUDE FOOD

Nude Chef versus Mud Crab

by Kevin Penny



CRAB CEVICHE

Ok ladies and gentlemen it's fight time. In this corner weighing in at about two kilos, in high spirits, after wrestling with neighbors in a crab pot all night, wearing a mud colored armored shell and sporting two human-fist-sized claws…it'sss Muddd Crabbb.

And in this corner surrounded by a rubber inflatable dinghy, straw hat, sunglasses, a happy grin and butt naked it's the evil kenevil of crab capturing… it'sss Chefff Kevvv.

Let's get ready to rumble!

After 12 rounds of Chef versus Crab, Chef Kev comes out victorious, sporting three large mud crabs only after a few near misses and bruises to the human hunter gatherer ego. When getting the 4th one out it nipped me so close to my unprotected middle crab claw, I squealed like a little girl and flung it in the air, just to have it land right on my head nipping my ear through my hat then falling in my bucket! Looking in the bucket and realizing it was a female anyway I tossed it back! Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

Anyway that's what's for dinner.

INGREDIENTS

3 to 4 crabs, salt and pepper to taste,
3 to 4 ripe avocados, olive oil,
corn kernels, 2 lemons,
3 to 4 tomatoes, 2 limes,
red and green peppers, basil,
chilli cilantro

Once back on the mother ship take your crab (caught or bought), clean and harvest meat and boil for 10 minutes until partially cooked and easy to remove from shell.

Now prepare your veggies.

I've used these but whatever you find in your cupboard will work:

corn kernels, tomatoes, red and green peppers, chilli, pepper, basil, cilantro, salt and pepper to taste, olive oil, lime and lemon juice.

Now split your avocados in two and scoop out most of the flesh leaving just a thin coating.

Take all your veggies and dice.

Put in a salad bowl and combine with your shredded crab meat and herbs.

Mix with a couple of teaspoons of olive oil, the juice of 2 lemons and limes, salt and pepper, and a little fire oil.

If you don't like fiery sauce just add a little sugar for a sweet and sour taste.

Mix in bowl with your hands then scoop into avocado half shells, garnish with lime wedges and cilantro and serve on a bed of greens.

Makes a great starter or a light healthy main.

Bon appe Crab!

I would serve this with a Margarita Spritzer — hunter/gatherer sized.

Firefly Jamaica

by Wayne Woogen

Wishing to escape the ice and snow of a New Jersey winter, my eyes spotted an ad in *Naturally* for the Firefly Beach Hotel in Negril, Jamaica. The idea of a warm-weather tropical sun and a nude beach seemed ideal. So, I made my reservations, booked the flights and was off to Montego Bay.

At the airport, I rented a small red car and drove the hour-and-a-half to Negril on the western end of the island. Roads in Jamaica are in poor shape and lack good signage; this forced me to ask a lot of directions. I was amazed at how friendly and helpful the Jamaican people were. They seemed to go out of their way to please. In Jamaica they drive on the left side of the road; this, along with the poor condition of the roads, can make driving difficult at times. I left New Jersey at about 8:30 a.m. and arrived at the Firefly in Negril at 5 pm, checked in and unpacked.

My room was very clean and had a living area, kitchen, large bedroom, bath, and a few ceiling fans to help move the air, yet it really was not that hot. The weather was perfect—85°F and sunny the whole week. There was no phone or TV in the room, yet I didn't miss them. I spent most of my time sunning nude on the beach or out and about. There were a number of cafes, bars, and night spots along the beach, some had TVs, all playing reggae music. Each night I ate dinner at different restaurants. I enjoyed watching the sunset over the Gulf of Mexico at each of them.

Audrey and David Sykes have owned and operated the Firefly Beach Hotel for about 30 years. David said that at first it was just land on which they built the cottages.

"We had no neighbors, so being nude on the beach and hotel grounds was no problem."

Years ago, they incurred pressure from the town about the nudity, so they made some concessions limiting nudity to the beach area. Yet, Dave told me that the tourist brochures now proudly boast the nude beaches at Firefly and other Negril resorts.

The name Firefly came about because years ago there were lots of fireflies around the grounds and flowers. I will add, the grounds are well maintained and very nice.

The beach area was very clean with very fine white sand. There were lounge chairs for sunning. A small beachfront café, where I had breakfast each day, also served food and drinks late into the night. The food was good and the prices very reasonable. All of my mornings began with a breakfast at Firefly's beach café, followed by nude sun bathing and swimming until noon. I would return to the beach again at 3 pm and lay out nude on my beach towel and swim until dinner only to return again at night to watch the stars and take a late night dip. Swimming naturally is such a freeing experience. Why would anyone wear a suit to swim if they didn't have to?

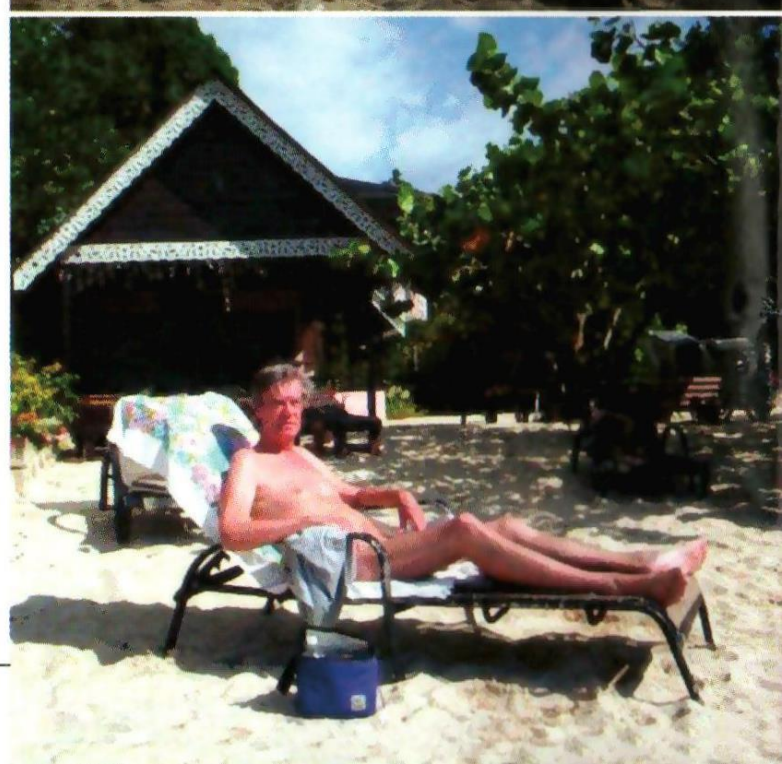
Firefly is a small resort, so the number of other naturist guests was small. I met a couple from England, and a single man who has been coming there for years, and about eight other singles and couples.

One afternoon I drove down Norman Manley Blvd to West End Road where the Negril Light House is located. It was built in 1895 and still in use, and it's now solar powered. While there, being an artist, I just had to do a small water color of the lighthouse. On my way back I stopped at Rick's Café for a late lunch. Rick's is noted for its food and nightlife; it also has a great view of the lighthouse.

Along West End Road is a bank where you can convert US dollars into Jamaican dollars. It takes about 80 Jamaican dollars to equal one US dollar. Near the bank was a grocery store where I stocked up on food and drink. The prices in Jamaica are about the same as in the US.

On my way back to the hotel the Craft Market was my next stop. There is so much arts and crafts to be found there—paintings, carvings, jewelry, tee shirts.

There are many other naturist resorts in Jamaica, which are listed in the "The World's Best Nude Beaches and Resorts." I just happen to have picked Firefly because of their ad in *Naturally*. There are also lots of nude beaches all over, and I plan to visit as many as I can. Would I go back to Firefly and Jamaica one day? Yes, I certainly would like that.



INTERNATURALLY MEMBERS' PHOTOS

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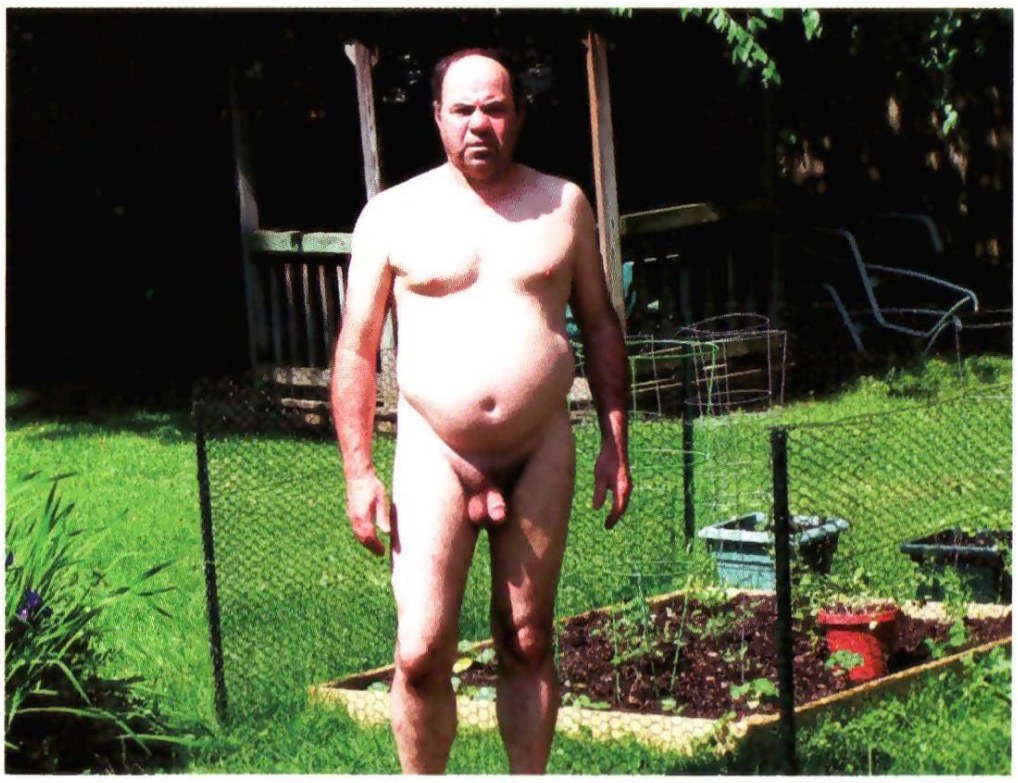
Pool Time

In the Cornfields of Illinois — see the story next page.

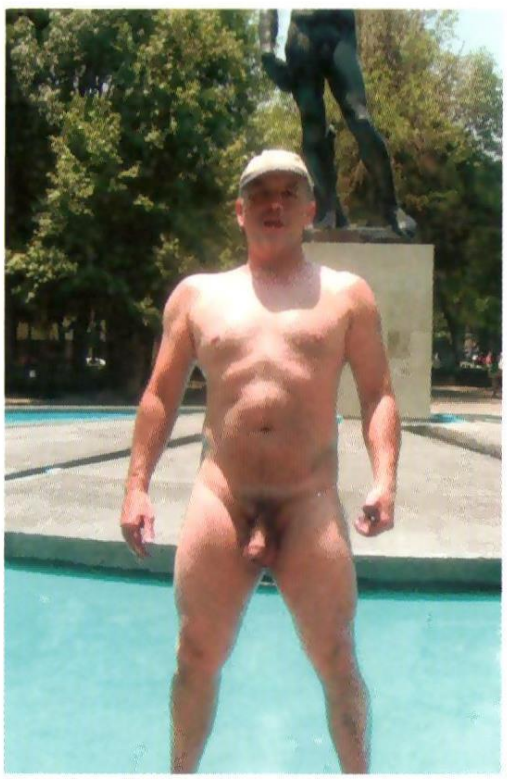


Backyard

Patio Sun

Texas Hill Country B&B

Woody & friends peregrinate



World Naked Bike Ride, Mexico City

At the Ferry Dock

The cornfields of Illinois

by Dale Lund

We were on our way home to Branson, Missouri, from the 2011 Midwest Convention of the American Association for Nude Recreation at Turtle Lake Resort in Michigan, halfway home, when we spent the night at the Nud R Us Family Naturist Club (NFNC) near Danvers, Illinois. NFNC is a club amidst the corn and pumpkin fields – a little world unto itself on the flat terrain, with distance providing most of the privacy. There aren't many people there, but those who are there are wonderfully nice, and its owners, Marty and Wendy, are now our good friends.

Micki and our two daughters and I stayed there on our way up to Michigan, too. While I stayed and rested and visited, Micki and the girls went to Walmart to get some necessities, got lost, and wound up burning a tank-full of gas zig-zagging through the Illinois cornfields for seven hours, finally getting back at about 10:30 p.m. So much for their rest from our long trip. As my family was learning that most tall cornfields look alike, Marty asked me if Id like to go for a long walk with him. I was tired, so declined.

Now there again on our way back, Marty asked us if we wanted to go for a walk with him at 9:00 p.m. I felt better this time, after a wonderful week at the convention, and so while the girls stayed behind, Micki and I went with Marty.

As usual there, the night was quiet, and it was dark when we set out walking on the paved county road from NFNC. After the pumpkin field to our right, there were cornfields on each side of the road. It felt very freeing to walk along a county road in the nude. Far ahead, we saw the headlights of two cars traveling along the busier road that this one Ts into, and Micki and I wondered if we would be walking that far. Micki asked Marty what we should do if a car was coming, and he said, Just duck into the corn.

Eventually we came to the T, and there was a two-story house on the left. Marty told us that if the dogs were out, they would bark at us, but otherwise not bother us. The dogs weren't out. But Micki began holding back, worried that we might be seen by the occupants and offend them by our nudity. Marty assured us not to worry. He said a mailman lives there, and, although he has yet to succumb to visiting the club, he was fine with it. So we passed the house and stepped out onto the busier road. Having seen those cars before, I contemplated the possibility of having to duck into the corn, as we turned right and kept walking. But no cars came. At the second telephone pole, we turned around to begin walking back.

After turning left and passing the mailman's house again, we saw a truck up ahead, pulling out onto our road and heading towards us. Since I didn't relish the thought of hiding in the corn, I decided to follow Marty's lead and do whatever he did. But Marty kept walking, then chuckled a little and mumbled something about playing chicken. He then told me that the truck belonged to NFNC guests and that it had just pulled out of their driveway. The road we were on was a dead-end one. I turned laughing to relate to Micki who it was, and Micki was nowhere in sight! I thought she was right behind us, but my poor, frightened wife was somewhere in the corn. She had to run about twenty feet just to get to the corn stalks, so must have darted like a roadrunner!

Marty and I were cracking up laughing as Micki stepped sheepishly out of the corn and back onto the road. The truck stopped next to us so the nudists inside could say good-bye and join us in a good laugh. We felt great after that refreshing walk, even Micki, and I plan to grin every time I think of it.

Jim Kunkel's posted sign at his home reads "Beware of the Bares."

Dear Naturally (People Who Enjoy Being Nude):

I also enjoy being nude; I just don't like clothes, and I feel so much better when I'm naked.

It all started when I was a little skinny boy running and playing where we lived — in a rural area out of sight of the neighbors. Much of the time I was naked. My mom didn't mind, as long as I put on clothes when we had company. I couldn't understand why I had to put on clothes. Why didn't everyone else take theirs off?

I was in the Army and on leave in Spain when I visited my first nudist camp; it was near Barcelona. This was in 1956. And now, all these years later, I'm still naked. I continue to be exhilarated every time I walk in the sunlight and feel the air play over my body.

I still shudder when I think of the soggy uncomfortable bathing trunks I had to wear at the public swimming pool when I was a kid. There was a fountain in the middle of the pool with a railing around it. One time, I took off my trunks and tied them down low under the water to the railing and was nude until time to go home. Lucky my trunks were still there!

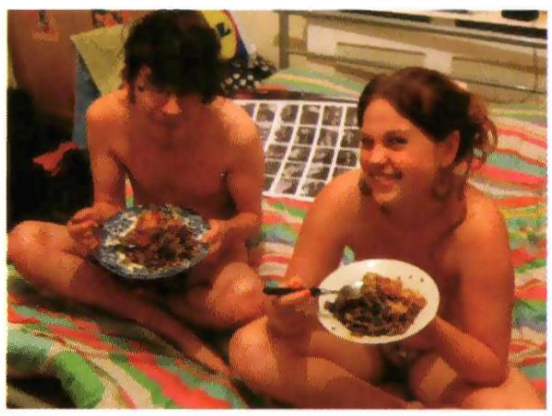
At 75, I still hate wearing clothes and I'm thankful there are places where I don't have to, such as Drakes Ridge Rustic Nudist Retreat in Indiana (formerly, Tri-State Country Club), and my 18 acres of secluded woodland on a mountain here in Arkansas. I cherish the friendship of those who feel as I do about being naked — Ellyn, Jerry, Sheila, Linda, Jeff, and many others.

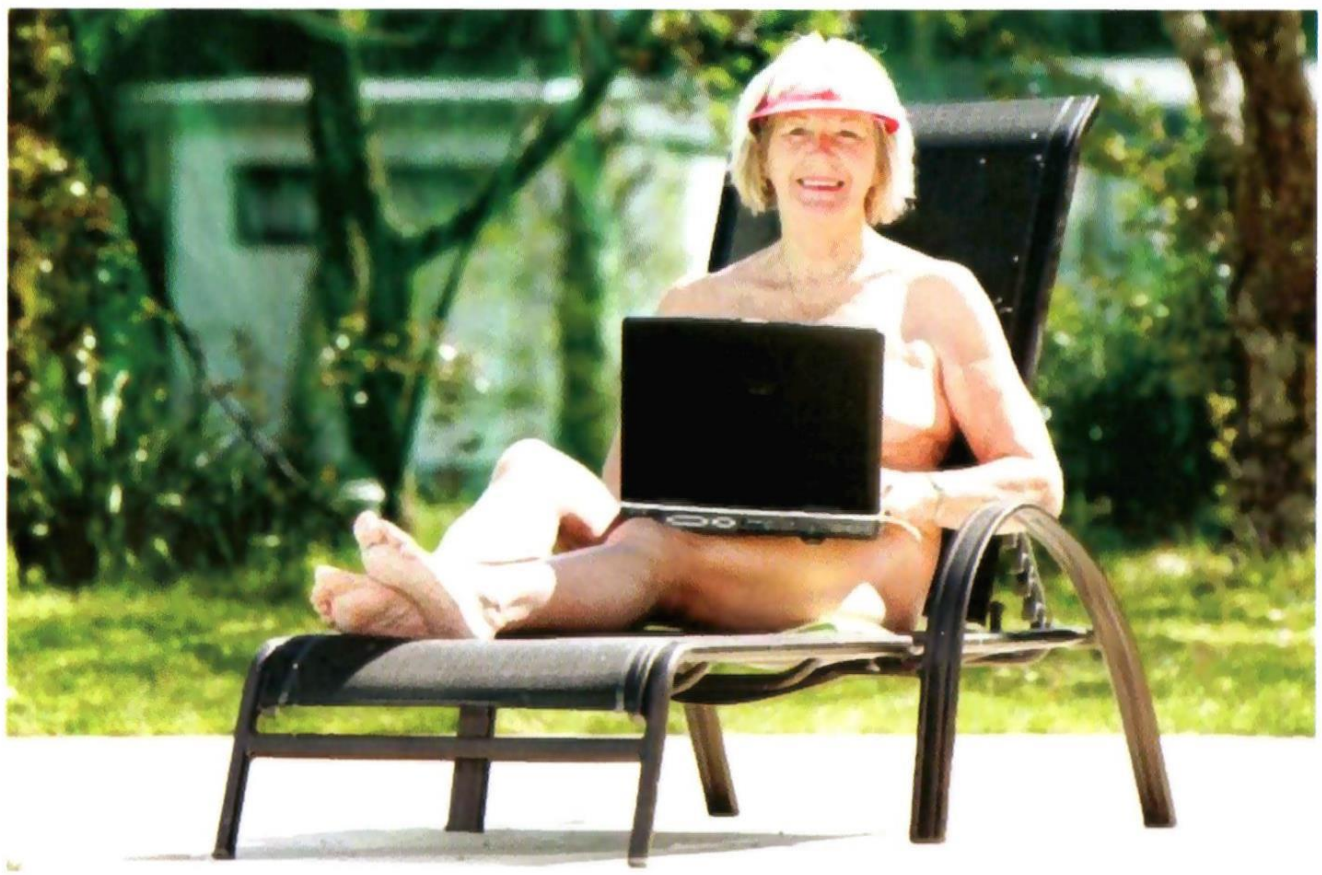
As a final word, I say, "I love your magazine!"

— Jim Kunkel, Bareassed in Paradise

Vegan Cooking

Older naturists often wonder, "where are the younger set?" Well, they seem to be on Facebook, Twitter, and holding their own gatherings! One of the newest to hit the Internet is NakedVeganCooking.com. This site is run by some young people in the U.K., who are both naturist and vegan. That means they not only don't eat meat, but they don't eat eggs, either. The recipes are fabulous, their photos both fun and naturist appropriate, showing happy young adults cooking good food! We hope you will enjoy signing up for their e-mail recipes at www.nakedvegancooking.com, or find them on Twitter and FaceBook.





Naked ambition: Kay Hannam, of Wai-natur Naturist Park [New Zealand], is entered in this year's Marlborough Chamber of Commerce Business Excellence Awards.

Normalizing nudity

Exposing her books to the scrutiny of strangers is a harder task for Kay Hannam than exposing her body.

But the owner of Wai-natur Valley Naturist Park hopes that by baring her business she'll encourage others to bare their skin.

"The more recognition we can gain the better. So some of those one-in-four people who are comfortable about nudity might be more willing to get out there."

The Wairau Valley naturist park is one of eight business entered in the Marlborough Chamber of Commerce Business Excellence Awards, which reward innovation, among other categories.

"We feel we are quite innovative," said Ms Hannam. "We provide a place where people can relax in the nude and obtain a great deal of respect for themselves and each other. It's very empowering for people."

She says a nationwide survey showed 25 percent of New Zealanders were comfortable with their own and other people's nudity. "It's just about convincing them to take that first step."

Ms. Hannam and partner Brian Williams set up their first naturist business in 1997, renting a property at Lake Tekapo and running a home stay and annual Mackenzie Muster Naturist Festival. "It just grew. It was like holding a tiger by the tale."

She says the festival was a good way of introducing the general public to naturism.

"I really wanted to broaden people's minds a little bit and make nude recreation a more acceptable lifestyle choice... I'm very proud of being a naturist and like to tell other people about it."

A 2006 move to the Wairau Valley, where she and Mr Williams could own and develop their own property, required sacrifices, not least of which was giving up the repeat custom that had made up half their bookings.

Rebuilding that client base while developing the five-acre site into a bed and breakfast and camping ground, with amenity blocks, recreation room, swimming pool and spa, has been hard work, but the result is a lifestyle the couple love and a developing business focus for Ms. Hannam.

"We started it as a hobby, but it is now a worthwhile business that I think is worth carrying on. This awards appraisal has made me focus on that. It's made me look at things a lot more clinically."

They have started events like Nudie Foodies Sounds Adventure, an annual get-together where a charter boat ride is followed by dinner in the garden and a golf tournament the following day.

For Ms. Hannam, the decision to do all of that nude is a simple one. "My attitude is that I sleep in the nude and when I get up in the nude I shower in the nude, and if it's a really nice day I think why would I put on clothes?"

She wishes more people could see it that way. "I think that's what I'm out there to do. Normalize it."

The winners of the Marlborough Chamber of Commerce Business Excellence Awards will be announced at the Gala Dinner on November 18.

- The Marlborough Express

PHOTO—BERN LOIBL

Just Paddlin' Along

by Sherry and Bern

Don't you just hate it when something that sounds like a lot of fun is on the other side of the country? This time we were in luck... the Long Island Travasuns' Annual Clothing-Optional Sunset Cruise was a mere 86 miles close! We parked with 10 minutes to spare and signed in.

Most made a day of it at Lighthouse Beach on Fire Island, then boarded the *Lauren Kristy* Paddlewheeler, docked at the Bay Shore Marina, Bay Shore, New York. The guard at the entry gate was most helpful in directing us to our parking area in front of her dock.

Welcomed aboard with a beaded nametag, we had time to greet old friends, quench our thirst and explore the boat while munching cheese and grapes before casting off.

Skalberg Catering provided their "specialty smorgasbord" with professional staff that mixed comfortably with the naked guests and ensured everyone was well fed.

This was the second year the *Lauren Kristy* held the Travasuns' party, and with DJ in place, before and after dinner dancing was enjoyed by most of the members and guests.

Grey skies and a light mist didn't deter anyone from enjoying the upper and lower open decks, watching the paddlewheel turn, or simply gazing into the mist, chatting with a friend or nearby passenger. One member handed out cards promoting GoTopless.org.

Our old friend Chuck orchestrated ticket drawings for the Travasuns' door prizes. And those who signed our photo releases (about half attending) gathered for the above group photo to commemorate this trip for posterity and *Naturally* magazine.

Once we looked at the various flyers and promotional items we were handed, we realized we'd come home with a list of Travasuns upcoming events, and a feedback request card from the group organizers.

A good many readers will remember the effort and planning it takes to put any event together, having volunteered to assist with one of the many events on any given August weekend. We met a gentleman, new to social nudity, who had experienced nude yoga classes in NYC and let us know he's already looking forward to the excursion next year. We found that to be quite typical of most participants — many who traveled from surrounding states to enjoy the event.

Find them at: longislandtravasuns.org.

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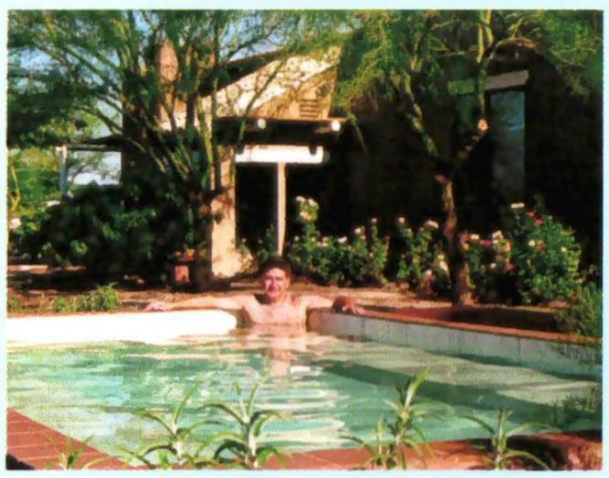

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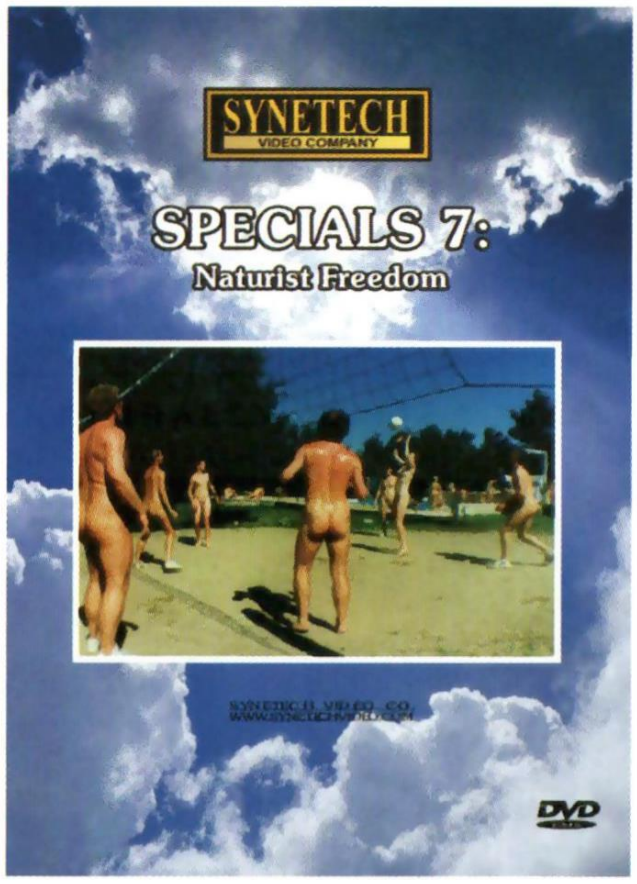

Specials 7: Naturist Freedom

Every once in awhile there is a Synetech shoot that goes so well that Charles MacFarland likes to look at the whole of the footage, without any editing or changes. It crossed his mind that some Synetech viewers might like the same thing, and so were born the Synetech Specials.

One such wonderful shoot was the day he visited a naturist resort in France. He enjoyed watching a volleyball game, a girl visiting the snacks bar, and then two beautiful girls, one of them wearing an outlandish hat for sun protection. There was a family playing a board game, and two girls doing the family dishes.

As the day wore on, he enjoyed many activities, such as archery, painting rocks, wire jewelry, family badminton, paper cutting, and paper-mache.

The video concludes with a clever girl doing surfing at the pool. It's wonderful seeing so many people enjoying the warm French sunshine in the nude. The footage certainly demonstrates the true value of the naturist lifestyle.

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